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NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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September 1943

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THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

So Little Time by John P. Marquand
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn by Betty Smith
The Shining Trail by Iola Fuller
The Conspiracy of the Carpenters by Hermann Borchardt
The Bridge of Heaven by S. I. Hsiung
The Senator's Last Night by Francis Hackett

So Little Time by John P. Marquand

► One is always sure that a novel by Mr. Marquand will make good reading, that it will be perceptive, well-planned, adult, and admirably written. His newest work, chosen by the Book of the Month Club as its September offering, does not fail in any of these particulars. Compared with much current fiction, it is a brilliant performance. But in some respects it does not measure up to the two Marquand novels which immediately preceded it. It is too long for what story it contains, and there are whole chapters which, however expert their satire, have little pertinence to the central theme.

The principal character is a prosperous, middle-aged drama tinker who is dissatisfied with his life as it has worked out. When the Nazis overrun Europe, Jeffrey Wilson has a panicky feeling that the end of the world as he knew it is imminent. If catastrophe does not impend, at least violent, and perhaps total, change does. There is so little time to enjoy the truly good things which the crisis will sweep away and to right what is wrong in one's life. America's entry into the war shocks Jeffrey out of his trancelike melancholy. It draws him close to his son. It restores some meaning and value to his marriage. It rouses him, at the end, to at least a passing moment of dim spiritual awareness.

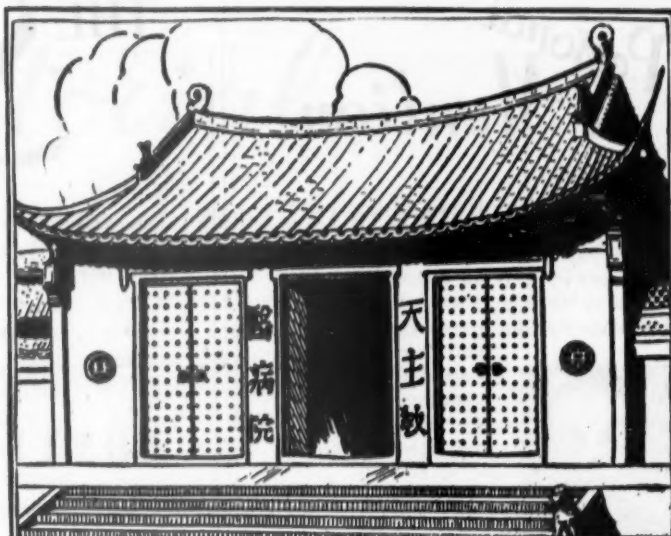
Jeffrey is a worldling, but not a fatuous worldling. He is not a Christian. Adultery seems natural to him. He does not believe in God. He moves among the wealthy, the prominent, the powerful, and works in the fantastic realms of Broadway and Hollywood without belonging to either. He is sympathetically presented by the author, but is hardly a figure of much consequence.

What is most valuable in this book is its recapture of the moods through which millions of Americans have passed since 1939. The atmosphere of that strange interval is precisely reproduced. The Marquand scalpel is put to work on an omniscient foreign correspondent, on the follies of the rich, on book publishers, authors, producers, actors, and a number of others. This feature of the work is incomparably done. The book abounds in evidence of the author's unusual competence, but it is not a major work.

(Little, Brown. \$2.75)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn by Betty Smith

► Written without any attention to structure or proportion, this review of the first two decades in the life
(Continued on last page)

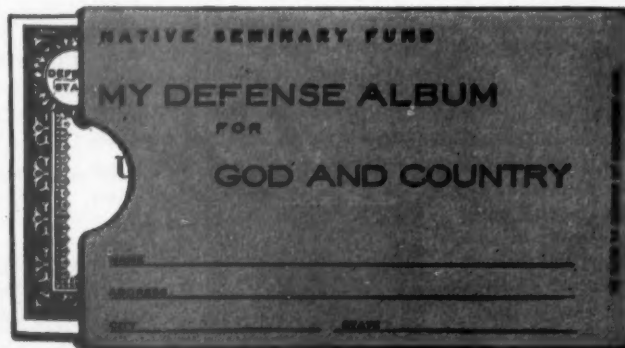


MISSION ACTION IN THE CLASSROOM

Here is an idea for Sisters, lay teachers, and pupils: Keep a war stamp album in the classroom and save stamps for the Missions. We are trying to build up a fund of war stamps. These stamps will be turned into war bonds as we receive them. After the war they will be turned into cash and the money sent to Bishop O'Gara for the education of his native seminarians.

The most important institution of any foreign mission is the Seminary. The foreign missionary lays the foundation, begins the building of the Catholic Church in pagan lands. The native clergy then take over and carry on the work. But youths must be trained into a body of zealous and intelligent priests. This is the purpose of the Seminary.

We shall be pleased to send any number of ten or twenty-five cent war stamp albums, with our special holder, to any school or individual.



NATIVE SEMINARY FUND—The Sign—Union City, N. J.

Personal Mention

► David C. Frailey is now in the United States Army. Before enlisting last December, Mr. Frailey was engaged in newspaper work. While attending Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, he was local reporter for the



Baltimore Sun, the *Washington Post*, the Associated Press, and two small-town dailies. After graduation he wrote radio copy for Press Association and served in the Annapolis AP bureau.

► A varied career is that of Rev. M. A. Couturier, O.P. Born in a small city in central France. Father Couturier was a soldier in the first World War. He was wounded in 1917 during the Champagne offensive. After the war, he devoted himself to art, literature, and politics, living in Paris. In 1925 he entered the Dominican Order. Until the present war he was editor of the French liturgical review, *l'Art Sacré*. In January 1940 he came to the United States.

► The short stories this month are by two writers who need little introduction. The first, *I Had a Little Sister*, is by Michael Foster. Mr. Foster's career has been that of reporter, columnist, cartoonist, theatrical press agent, novelist (his first novel came out in 1935), and short story writer. The second story, *Crowded Hour*, is by Courtenay Savage. Born in New York City, a convert to the Faith, he wrote his first short story at the age of twenty. His third story sold, and ever since he has been busy writing fiction, plays, articles, motion-picture and radio scripts.

► The story of the Popular Party of Italy is bound up with the name of Don Luigi Sturzo, its founder. With the coming of Mussolini to power Don Sturzo became an exile from his native land in the cause of freedom and democracy. The author of some fifteen books, he contributes the article, *The Future of Italy*. About two years ago he came to this country and is now residing in Florida.



THE Sign



Monastery Place, Union City, N.J.

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Editorial

Labels and Contents

AS NEVER before in our lives we have need of clear thinking. One of the greatest obstacles to this clear thinking is "labeling." Because an object, or a system of thought, or a political party bears a certain name we have a tendency to accept that name as descriptive of its real character.

The terms "Communist" and "Fascist" are cases in point. They are commonly accepted as designating completely different and essentially conflicting systems, and the hostility between the two has enhanced this false impression. As a matter of fact they are blood brothers; they have the essential trait in common that they are both totalitarian systems; their differences are only skin deep.

THE author of "Topics of the Times" in the New York Times gives what he calls a "brief and handy definition of Fascism" and recommends that we carry this little passport portrait of Fascism in our wallets so that we can readily spot it.

"Fascism," he tells us, "denies all worth to the individual as against the State. As a corollary, Fascism rejects freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of instruction. Fascism in the political sphere rejects the parliamentary system of government based on competing political parties. More than anything else Fascism is a one-party mechanism in which the choice of the voter at the polls is restricted to one set of candidates, and the choice of the so-called lawmaking assembly is restricted to approving the decisions of the executive viva voce."

So far so good. That isn't a bad description of Fascism—although it may not be a strict definition.

BUT now go back and re-read that description and for the word Fascism substitute the word Communism. That's the only change you will have to make and you will have an excellent description of Communism. Communism and Fascism are two labels for essentially the same product.

Now, this is not mere theorizing. It is not splitting hairs over accurate definitions of words. It is not a lesson in semantics. It is a matter which will have a practical application in the postwar settlement.

The reason for this is the fact that the Russians call their system of government democratic. In fact, in 1936, they adopted what they called a "demo-

cratic" constitution. Nevertheless their system of government continued to be as completely totalitarian as that of Nazi Germany.

NOW it is this kind of democracy that the Russians mean when they refer to setting up democratic regimes in the conquered countries of Europe. This is the kind of democracy they brought to the Baltic States and to Eastern Poland in 1939. This is the kind of democracy that was meant when certain German captives and refugees in Moscow issued a manifesto endorsed by the Soviet Government appealing to the Germans to lay down their arms, promising them that the new Germany would be a "democratic" state.

The conclusion is quite clear. The "democracy" which the Russians wish to establish in the conquered countries of Europe is really Communism, and Communism is essentially the same as Fascism.

It is imperative then that we Americans accustom ourselves to dealing in realities rather than in labels. The fact is that Communism is no more democratic than Fascism and no change of names can make it such.

THE Russians have borne the brunt of the fighting against Germany and it is possible that they will be in Berlin before the British and Americans have cracked the outer bastions of Western Europe. In that case—and possibly in any case unless we want another war—we may have little or nothing to say about the kind of government to be set up in Eastern and perhaps even in Central Europe. If the Russians bring their form of democracy to these parts of Europe, let us have the intellectual honesty to acknowledge that it is totalitarianism and not democracy as we understand it. And let us also have the intellectual honesty to admit that we have fought and bled and sacrificed to oust one form of totalitarianism only to help establish another.

However little we may like the thought, we should face the situation and keep the record straight.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



FACT AND COMMENT

THE Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Barry, Chairman of the Committee on Cultural Relations With the American Republics and Canada, together with the editors

The Sign Las Americas Awards

of THE SIGN which is sponsoring this movement, announce the recipients of "The Sign Las Americas Awards" for 1943. These awards are gold medals which are bestowed annually, one to the citizen of Latin America who makes the richest contribution to spiritual inter-Americanism, and one to the citizen of North America who excels in like manner.

The selections are determined by a vote of the panel of the Committee on Cultural Relations With the American Republics and Canada. This panel is made up of many members of the hierarchy as well as of many distinguished clergy and lay people.

The awards for 1943 are being bestowed on President Manuel Prado of Peru for Latin America, and on U. S. Ambassador to Brazil, Mr. Jefferson Caffery, for North America.

Mr. Jefferson Caffery, a convert to the Catholic Church, has spent most of his life in the diplomatic service of his country. Since his appointment to Venezuela in 1911 most of his activities have centered in Latin American countries. He has been U. S. Ambassador to Brazil since July 1937.

Relations between Brazil and this country have never been better than they are at present. The people of Brazil and their government have given wholehearted support to our Good Neighbor Policy. They have co-operated in every possible way with our conduct of the war and have been loyal in fulfilling their inter-American agreements. Much of the credit for the cordial relations now existing between this pre-eminently Catholic nation and our country goes to our ambassador to Brazil.

President Manuel Prado of Peru, upon whom the other award is being conferred, is a statesman who has been decorated by the Holy Father himself. He has inaugurated in Peru a successful program of social and economic reform which has as its basis three realities: (1) Dios—God; (2) La Familia—the family; (3) La Patria—the nation.

The foreign policy of Peru, under the direction of President Prado, has been one of great friendliness to the United States and of solidarity with the other republics of this Hemisphere. President Prado made a

tour of this country recently, and during his stay here cemented the bonds that unite the two countries.

The actual conferring of the two medals will take place later. Shortage of materials, due to the war, prevents the making of the medals at present.

The Sign Seminar to Havana, conducted by Rev. Dr. Joseph Thorning, and the Seminar to Mexico City under the direction of Miss Mercedes Hidalgo, report great progress. Members of both Seminars are taking advantage of the summer courses at the universities of these cities. The friendly co-operation of civil and ecclesiastical authorities has provided them with many opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the language and customs of our Latin American neighbors.

WE are assured that the recent outbreaks in New York City's Harlem, outbreaks in which six lives were lost, five hundred persons wounded, property damaged to

the extent of \$5,000,000, were in no sense race riots.

The Race Problem Is a Menace

There were no bands of white hoodlums involved.

All the fighting was between

colored mobs and the police. The fact that a race war did not ignite gives no grounds for complacency. Too long have responsible groups throughout the nation closed their eyes to the plight of the Negro. It is fundamentally a race problem that is now a race menace, given the crowded conditions, the unpatriotic discrimination, the frayed nerves of a nation at war.

Since 1914 Negroes have been constantly leaving farms and moving to cities. In 1910, Detroit, for example, had a colored population of 5,741. It had increased 700 per cent by 1920. During the past five years it has increased more than another 50 per cent.

We Americans wax indignant over Jewish ghettos in Europe. We have ghettos right here in the United States, Negro ghettos. Held to their neighborhood by landlord agreements, housing conditions have become intolerable. In Baltimore it is estimated there are some 58,000 Negroes crowded into one square mile. And the Negro population is increasing at the rate of 2,000 a month. This housing problem is basic to all the other problems of recreational facilities, high rents, crime, labor discrimination.

Underlying the housing problem, and therefore all these other problems, is race prejudice. Americans are shocked at racial suppression in Europe. Yet right here at home one tenth of our population is suppressed,

segregated, discriminated against by the very ones who cry loudest on patriotic occasions. "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . . that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it. . . ."

Race prejudice must be rooted out of white citizens' hearts. "All men belong to the single great family of the living. Humankind is a single, universal, catholic race." (Pius XI.) No matter what measures are adopted to lessen this racial menace, none can be curative until ignoble prejudice goes.

TIME and again in these comments we return to the subject of Russia. We do this because we are not at all convinced that Russian policy is as identified with that of Great Britain and the United States as some would have us believe. We have no desire to add difficulties to an already delicate situation, but hiding our heads in the sand will do no good. An objective view of the facts and some straight thinking in accordance with them is the only reasonable procedure.

Co-operation with Russia

On this score the manifesto issued from Moscow by what is called the Free Germany movement must be considered as disturbing. This manifesto was broadcast from Moscow and directed to Germany and particularly to the German Army. It was also circulated among the Russian people. The pertinent point about the manifesto is that it is diametrically opposed to the unconditional surrender of the Axis States which was declared at Casablanca to be the necessary prelude to peace. True, Mr. Stalin was not at Casablanca but we have been told that he approved the decisions of the conference. The manifesto sets forth a different attitude, for in simple terms it invites the German Army to overthrow Hitler, retire to the German frontier, and sue for peace which will be granted on easy terms. Punishment for the war instigators will be demanded but Germany will be left as a capitalistic, democratic state with its army and its industry intact. Interpret it as you will, this independent move indicates a divergence in the United Nations' policy and seems to be a bid for a separate peace.

Another fact that points to a lack of harmony is the renewed complaint in the official Russian press about the failure of England and the United States to open a second front on the Continent of Europe in 1942. Not only is it implied but definitely stated that the means to carry out this project were at hand and yet Russia was left to bear the brunt of the Nazi attack alone. This is indeed a strange way to cement an alliance if Russia really wants an alliance.

A third event that shows Russian aloofness is the long and hazardous flight of our planes to bomb the Rumanian oil fields. These planes had to take off from Egypt and make a 2400 mile round trip. If Russia were a full-fledged ally why are not our bombers based on Russian fields a few hundred miles away?

What is the meaning of these facts? Only Stalin and a few others know, and as far as we can discover Wash-

ington and London are left to their own guesses. If actions mean anything, Russia's recent moves seem to indicate that Stalin will continue to make no real commitments and will fight a war and make a peace in accordance with what he considers his own best interests.

THE fate of Benito Mussolini as a political affair concerns us not at all at present. What his passing from the political scene will mean for Italy and her prosecution of the war, time will tell. It does seem appropriate to reflect a little on the career of a man who had reached the heights and to

The Fall of Mussolini

search for the roots of the disorder that caused his final and utter defeat.

Mussolini was a product of his time. He emerged on the political scene in Italy as a dominating personality when his country was faced with a crisis caused by the first World War and the failure of the Treaty of Versailles. He had a great opportunity to serve Italy and Western civilization but in spite of some early success his career was marked by an inability to get away from false thinking. A Socialist in youth, he had swung to what appeared to be another extreme of political and economic thought. Yet at the very basis of both extremes was the idea of the supremacy of the State and so it was not such a great leap to the embracing of the doctrine of the Fascist authoritarian State. He took as his mentors the unscrupulous Machiavelli and Croce, the Italian disciple of Hegel. Regardless of the nature of his personal adherence to the Catholic Faith, and he did give certain external signs of such adherence at times, his mind was poisoned by an un-Christian philosophy and finally that philosophy won dominance.

The greatest moral victory of Mussolini's career was the conclusion of the Lateran Treaty in 1929, but soon after he engaged in a most bitter conflict with the Holy Father over the interpretation of the Church's policy on Catholic Action. In this controversy, Mussolini gave expression to all the old anti-Catholic and anti-clerical hatred that had been brewed in Italy through the years by the enemies of the Church. In this controversy it became evident that in Mussolini's thought, the Church must be subordinated to the State and keep silence in the face of an educational policy that denied the rights of parents and of God.

THEN came Mussolini's dream of empire. Unfortunately it was a dream based on the military might of pagan Rome and not on the principles of the Rome of Peter and Paul. His imagination was fired by the ruins of the Forum and the Palatine, but he perceived not the ever present reality of the

Toward the Precipice

dome of St. Peter's rising over the tomb of the Rock on which Christ had founded a new Kingdom. He demanded a place in the sun for Italy and won the undivided support of his people in his determination to push through to victory in spite of sanctions. But in a few years that devotion began to wane. In his bitterness against the nations that had imposed sanctions, he allied himself and the Italian people to the Nazis. It

was not long until Hitler was calling the tune to which Mussolini and the Italians danced. The pagan ideology of Nazism and the alliance with Germany found no popular favor in Italy and gradually Mussolini found himself more and more isolated from his own people and from the rest of the world. The final debacle came when the war into which Mussolini dragged his people, with the promise of early and complete victory, turned to be only the road to national misery and destruction.

Mussolini has passed from power but his rise and fall have a lesson and warning for all. He was not without his redeeming features, but his real weakness and the ultimate cause of his ruin were his failure to recognize the religious foundation of law and morality. This led to his glorification of force over right, to his compromising with the powers of evil, to his endeavor to make the Church the servant of the State. The warning is that the policies of expediency, power politics, and paying mere lip service to religion and morality which so characterized the last postwar era will not secure the organization of future peace but create the opportunities for the rise of other Duces.

ON October 30, 1853, the Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley was consecrated the first Bishop of Newark, N. J. In less than a hundred years the Catholic population of New Jersey increased

Episcopal Jubilee

so vastly that it was created an Ecclesiastical Province with the Most Reverend Thomas J. Walsh its first Metropolitan. On April 27, 1938, he received the Pallium as the first Archbishop of Newark. At that time the Apostolic Delegate said in his address, "It is a miracle of the Propagation of Christianity."

The glory of the Church in the State of New Jersey is in great part the glory of Archbishop Walsh who has spent his whole episcopal life working wisely and well for the betterment of Catholicism in this State. This present year is the silver jubilee of the Archbishop's episcopal consecration. The Catholics of the United States cannot better express their felicitations than by joining with Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in saying, "We offer to you our heartfelt congratulations on your ability and accomplishments as a shepherd of souls."

THE exposé of the insulting OWI broadcast on the occasion of the fall of Mussolini may be considered a passing incident but it is evidently something more

Propaganda and Foreign Policy

than that. It gives weight to the suspicion that there are too many of the wrong kind of people holding government jobs and doing government work. Especially is this true of agencies that control propaganda. It is a fundamental tenet of Communist action that the means of influencing public opinion must be under its control. That is why the training of the Communist agitator embraces detailed instructions on how to accomplish that end either by his own direct action or by the use of fellow travelers or innocent dupes. This is mentioned because the particular OWI broadcast had about it all the familiar

Communist methods and terminology. This confirms the opinion of those who have long felt that some fumigating is needed in many Federal bureaus.

The expression of American opinion over short-wave broadcasts is, or at least ought to be, an integral part of our foreign policy. Therefore, it should be controlled by those who are responsible for that policy and if underlings step out of line they should be told to get out. It would be well also not to wait for blunders to reveal the culprits. Appointments to responsible Government positions have been given out too indiscriminately. It is time to check on the abilities, training, and background of office holders whose records are not known or not above suspicion to determine their value to a cause for which millions of true Americans are giving their all. This is not a call to hysterical red-baiting but to a business-like investigation of qualifications. Only those who have something to hide will fear the light.

ONE of our readers sent in this clipping: "American animal lovers are starting a crusade to abolish the use of the horse in warfare. So now all we need is that lovers

Cruelty and the Cross

of men shall start a crusade, too." Providing one does not become maudlin about it, the good old SPCA has performed a distinct service, not so much to animals, perhaps, as to society. It has kept some men from descending below brute level.

It certainly would be a fine thing if there could be organized a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Men. No wars. No persecutions. No riots. This SPCM would have definite possibilities at the present time.

Cruelty to animals is demeaning. Cruelty to men is horrifying. But there is another kind of cruelty all men are prone to indulge in, even men who are kind to dogs and would not lift a finger to harm a fellow man. There is such a thing as cruelty to God. It is not only demeaning and horrifying. It is infinitely wicked. We call it sin.

It was this cruelty to God that played carpenter one day and built a cross. God's human body was nailed to it. God's human heart broke upon it. God died hanging from it.

The cross should be the symbol of the basest kind of human cruelty. And yet we honor the cross, we reverence it, we exalt it. And why? Because to the cross of hate was nailed the God of love. His mercy made the cross the highway, the crossroads where men can meet their God. That is why the cross is raised in veneration in every land. That is why the Church has a feast day the 14th of every September—the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The sign of human brutality has been raised to the symbol of God's love.

When crosses are accepted into human lives, even though they weigh heavy on human hearts, sinful men become partners in the business of atonement. But when Christless crosses are deliberately brought into human lives, crosses devised by human malice, crosses built by wilful sin, then men are again hammering the nails through the living hands and feet of Christ. It is cruelty to God. And a cross without Christ means a life with despair. Lovers of God should start a crusade, too.

With a total of more than 3,000 regular and reserve midshipmen enrolled, the U. S. Naval Academy is at present turning out more than a thousand thoroughly trained officers annually



Pia Photos

Annapolis in Wartime

By DAVID C. FRAILEY



The statue of Tecumseh is the object of special rites on the Academy campus

COMMENCEMENT at the United States Naval Academy this year, shorn substantially of its gayer elements, was staged with a minimum of ceremony. Events which normally consumed nine or more days and attracted a nation's attention, were crowded into half that time. June Week, grown through the years into a veritable American institution, for the second time in a quarter of a century bowed to wartime expediencies.

Behind the high stone walls that bar all unofficial guests except identified families and friends of the midshipmen, things are moving at a speedier clip than they ever have. And from those walls are emerging hundreds of young men trained to take their places at the helms and in the engine rooms of war vessels that are convoying men and supplies overseas, battling Axis ships on every ocean, and clearing the waters of the world of hostile submarines.

It would be a mistake to believe that the Academy's program underwent a drastic revamping to meet the extra burdens imposed on it by the war. Such was not necessary. The changeover from a peacetime to a wartime basis actually required only minor adjustments and revisions, accomplished without disruption of the prewar curriculum. Stripped of its peacetime furbelows, the Academy was equipped essentially to enter its wartime role.

As one academy official expressed it in navy parlance, "decks were cleared for action. The mechanism was accelerated by a few knots; guns were unlimbered; the crew grew more alert with the prospect of imminent combat, and the Academy, like a battleship prepared at all times for any scrap that might come its way, was geared to accept any challenge."

The Academy's setting, aside from the presence of hundreds of uniformed seamen, the occasional roar of a cannon, and a visit now and then by a grim fighting ship anchored in Chesapeake Bay, hardly suggests a warlike atmosphere. Situated amidst lovely surroundings, on the banks of Maryland's Severn River, it lies on the fringe of the state's

drowsy little capital, Annapolis, whose streets and homes still retain much of their colonial charm. The imposing array of buildings, connected by shaded walks and avenues, the spotless cleanliness of the grounds, and the sweeping panorama of ships and water, lend the Academy a grandeur that long has thrilled the visitor to Annapolis.

The Academy was well on the way toward stepping-up its program when the war began. The regular four-year course had been telescoped into a three-year system aimed to meet the increased demands for line officers. To augment this output, a 120-day reserve course for college graduates, like that functioning at many civilian colleges and universities, was established. Fundamentally, however, the regular midshipmen receive the same training as did their predecessors under peacetime conditions. The present order at Annapolis is not sacrificing the traditions that have proved themselves for three wars, especially when the most advanced training available is now needed.

Both in quantity and quality the Academy is giving assurance that our Navy will have the number of highly skilled officers it requires for the tremendous job it currently is performing and the tougher job it probably will be called upon to perform before the war has ended.

At present, with a total of more than 3,000 regular and reserve midshipmen enrolled, the Academy is turning out more than 1,000 officers annually through the regular and reserve channels combined.

Quality keeps pace. Actual time lost in the accelerated program for the regular midshipmen has been counterbalanced largely by a new intensity of purpose and concentration of studies. Reservists admittedly lack the advantage of three or four years of exposure to naval lore, custom, and orientation. But they had college educations and are selected on the merits of their scholastic ratings, their personal qualifications indicative of military leadership, their physical hardiness, and more important—their adaptability.

They must undergo a 30-day elimination period of stiff tests and drills, which further weeds out the lads unfit for future duty as naval officers.

Then comes an intense 90-day course in naval engineering, discipline, ordnance, gunnery, and navigation, to mention a few of the subjects. Survivors of this rigorous routine are awarded commissions as ensigns in the Naval Reserve and go on active duty with the fleet.

Organized as a separate battalion during their stay at Annapolis, the reservists are quartered with the regular midshipmen in Bancroft Hall, which houses the entire academy regiment, and follow the prescribed academy agenda. Three times a year, roughly, some 250 to 300 of these men leave the Academy to put their training to practical use.

As Rear Admiral John R. Bear-dall, former Naval Aide to President Roosevelt and now academy superintendent, told a reserve class at commissioning exercises recently, they come to Annapolis "as apprentice seamen, with little knowledge of the Navy, its ideals, traditions, or conception of service." Four months of indoctrination, however, shape them into worthy candidates for their ensigns' stripes and the further training they receive in combat zones.

This year's class of 766 regular

through life the same proud stamp of "Annapolis men."

They represented the same careful selection of young American men the Academy has been adopting for nearly a century, inculcating in them the traditions of the sea, instructing them in naval warfare, and yielding them solid, well-rounded educations in the bargain. Sons of bankers, merchants, farmers, and steel workers, they typify the ideal of young American manhood.

Classroom studies alone afford the midshipmen an education comparable to the best offered by the nation's universities, colleges, and technical schools. In addition, practical instruction in nautical and military subjects ranging from knot tying to infantry drills, gives them the extra qualifications needed by officers of the armed services. One day's work might include several hours in the classroom; an hour in sailing various kinds of small craft; an hour of close-order drill movements on the parade ground, and another hour on the rifle, pistol, machine gun, or mortar range. Their education is comprehensive and varied.

The keynote of the entire program



Midshipmen serve on the watch or as officers of the watch

midshipmen was the fourth to have been graduated since 1941. Its stay at Annapolis had been cut shorter than that of the classes that went before it in peacetime; but the men who made a premature exit in June 1943 had been molded into the same type of "officers and gentlemen," and will carry with them

is a stern, unbending discipline, administered adamantly but with irreproachable justice. On the successful enforcement of this discipline, the Academy rests its chances of producing first-rate officers or merely average, educated men. This explains amply why such stress is laid on strict obedience to superiors (including

stamp upperclassmen as well as officers); letter-perfect execution of orders, and firm regimentation of all activities. It explains further why infraction of Academy protocol leaves a trail of severe atonement in its wake.

But in just two words is epitomized at Annapolis the ultimate factor that distinguishes the Academy's educational goal from that of the civilian university, college, or technical school. Those two signifi-

a sudden, scurrying awakening. Within that one minute, every man must have his bedding turned back and report his room "all turned out, sir." Bancroft never dozes off again during the day, for catnaps and subsequent returns to bed before nightfall are strictly taboo. One of the gravest reports against a midshipman is "turning in after having turned out."

Thirty minutes later he falls

conduct report. This involves demerits for the miscreant which subtract from the final multiple upon which his class standing is based. It might have a bearing too on his later career as a naval officer, since promotions may be awarded on the basis of officers' Annapolis standing.

The statue of Tecumseh facing Bancroft Hall is known far and wide as the "god of 2.5" for woodenheaded midshipmen. He receives a shower of pennies from midshipmen for protection during exam week. In football season, he is further charged with protection of the team for games played away from Annapolis. This service is paid off by another hail of pennies and a left-hand salute from every man the Friday night before the engagement. Prior to being transferred to the Academy, Tecumseh was the figurehead of the old U.S.S. *Delaware*.

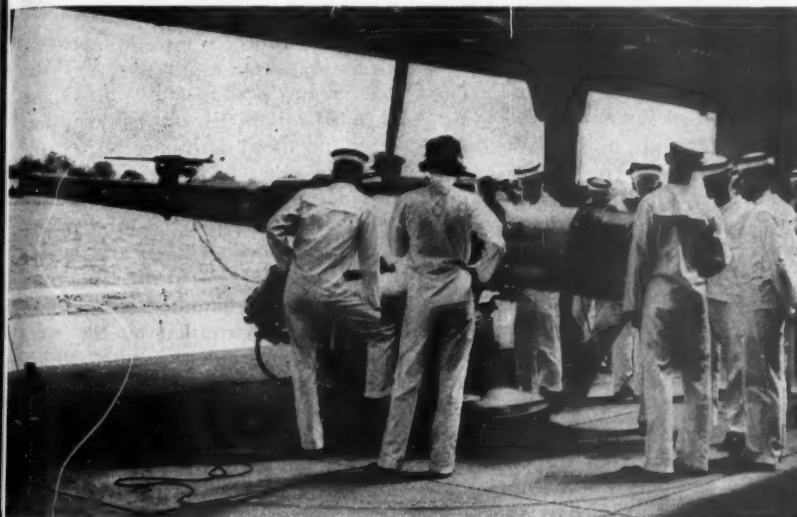
Afternoon classes are dismissed at 3:15 and fifteen minutes later drills get underway on the parade grounds, on the rifle range, in sailing ketches or yawls, on the athletic fields, and in the gymnasium.

On an early fall or spring day, every conceivable sport is in progress over the grounds in the late afternoon. The tennis courts are filled; volley ball courts are active; a din of voices echoes from the spacious swimming pool in the gym; football teams scrimmage against one another; sailing, soccer, basketball, cross-country, lacrosse, and a score of other squads swing into action.

Now more than ever are athletics emphasized, just as they are being accented in every military installation in this country and overseas. Just recently an official decree at Annapolis called for participation in some type of exercise by every midshipman, barring none.

With this 100 per cent participation ruling, it's a safe wager that the academy "guerrilla" course, its own version of the obstacle run, will become more a favorite than ever. It has been the most popular form of sport for nearly a year. One athletic official told me last fall that 300 or more midshipmen were using the course every day.

After evening chow, generally finished at 7:30, the men are granted a 45 minute period for rest or for such activities as the orchestra, the



Students at the U. S. Naval Academy inspect a large naval gun

cant words are "military character."

"In those two words," it is explained, "is concentrated all that differentiates the course at the United States Naval Academy from the course at any of our nation's outstanding engineering schools. No other attribute is so necessary for success in the naval profession of arms; no other attribute is so apparent in the graduates of our nation's great academies, West Point and Annapolis."

All service men require a certain amount of recreation to ease the strain of wartime training. This applies to the midshipmen, as well. They have their football games, their Saturday-night hops, and their weekend dates. But five and one-half days of every week, they follow a closely ordered schedule that fully utilizes every hour of the day and charts in detail their daily activities from 6:15 reveille to 10:05 taps.

A midshipman's day begins one minute after reveille "busts," and Bancroft Hall, his massive quarters, emerges from its giantlike repose to

out in spic and span uniform for breakfast formation—at 6:45 A. M. At all meals and formations rigid standards of neatness and cleanliness of person are maintained. And the midshipmen march to every recitation, drill, and meal in companies.

Morning and afternoon classes are divided into alternate study and recitation periods, the latter of extreme significance to every tyro naval officer. A man receives a separate grade for every class session he attends. The almost legendary passing grade is 2.5. Success or failure in attaining that grade can determine a midshipman's glory or doom. To ensure the utmost fairness in the all-important grading, written quizzes precede each dismissal and instructors are continually rotated.

Academy discipline is enforced partially through this method also. In addition to making a man eligible for "extra duty," an hour of extra drilling every day for a week or longer, in proportion to the offense, transgressions of academy regulations entail a man's being listed on the

Glee Club, the chess or mathematics club, for movies or the Newman Club. The latter is a thriving society at the Academy, and has brought many of the finest Catholic teachers and lecturers of the country to Memorial Hall to speak before large audiences.

The club is given a splendid write-up in *Reef Points*, the academy handbook, which states: "It has been said that religion is the foundation upon which men build their lives. To strengthen that foundation—to clarify the conception of religion, to make clear its uncertainties, and to help make it a living influence—is the aim of the Newman Club." Speaking of the lectures, it says that "the spirit which pervades the meetings is a tribute to the fruition of the Newman ideal."

Religion has a very definite place in the midshipman's life. As a matter of fact, it is probably fostered more enthusiastically and devoutly at the Academy than at many nonmilitary schools. Church attendance on Sundays is compulsory. Most of the midshipmen attend services conducted by Captain (Chaplain) William N. Thomas in the beautiful academy chapel, one of the most impressive edifices on the grounds. Those who wish, however, are free to attend services of their choice in Annapolis churches. These latter march in bodies to the churches under a designated upper-class leader.

At morning Mass in St. Mary's Catholic Church, virtually every pew is filled with Catholic midshipmen, while two of their number assist on the altar. There are enough Masses, incidentally, to accommodate the many parishioners also. The Redemptorist Fathers at St. Mary's are vitally interested in the spiritual welfare of the Catholic midshipmen.

They place every available parish facility at the men's disposal; they hear confessions regularly; provide for the midshipmen's attendance at Mass on holydays, and conduct retreats and missions for them.

The academy chapel is probably the site of more Naval weddings than is any other church in America. Chaplain Thomas officiates at countless marriages every year, and the number reaches full tide after graduation or commissioning exercises. A great number of officers, moreover,

return to Annapolis to be wed. News-men covering commencement ceremonies normally find a full day's work sending stories of marriages to newspapers in the midshipmen's home towns. Star football players or regiment cadet officers rate regional or national coverage by the reporters.

This plethora of marriages has come into being only with the war, and is one of the very few concessions granted wartime cadets. Previously they were obliged to postpone the ceremony until they had been out of the Academy two years. Secret marriages before this two-year period, if discovered, brought immediate revocation of commissions.

Evening study hour bells—following hard upon the recreational break—ring at 8:15. All midshipmen must return to their rooms for approximately two hours of preparation for the next day's classes.

With taps at 10:05, Bancroft Hall quickly settles down for eight hours of well-earned slumber.

This routine prevails for five and one-half days a week. Saturday morning is identical with every other morning, except that inspection ordinarily supplants the final two hours of class. Saturday afternoon is vastly different. There are no classes; the midshipman is free to spend his time as he wishes, attending an athletic event, escorting his sweetheart through the historical Annapolis streets, or enjoying a boating trip on the Severn.

FEW Saturday nights pass without a regimental hop, open to all but plebes, the humble "freshmen" who receive their disciplinary indoctrination in painful doses from all upperclassmen throughout their first year. The plebe may be the football hero Saturday afternoon, but on Saturday night he must join the other plebes in viewing the hop from a balcony seat. The lot of this fellow is not altogether pleasant, but it is an established part of the Annapolis tradition. Although plebe year seems interminable and unbearably harsh, Naval officers say that its benefits are appreciated in later years. For that matter, the older midshipmen can recognize its sound points once they become upperclassmen.

Even at dances, regimentation per-

sists. Midshipmen must arrive at hops within thirty minutes of starting time, and they must not leave once they have entered the hall. After the hop, they have just one hour to escort their partners home and return to Bancroft Hall. A famous tradition of Annapolis is the "flying squadron" of running midshipmen who race back over the cobbled surface of the town's Maryland Avenue to sign in before 12:30.

Sunday, too, is a day apart. It is also the day when Annapolis comes to life. Uniformed midshipmen take over the streets, the restaurants, the ice cream parlors—but only those deemed suitable by academy authorities for their patronage. An extra hour of sleep is granted all hands, and leisure is the order of the day from after chapel until 7:00 p. m., when the week's cycle starts again.

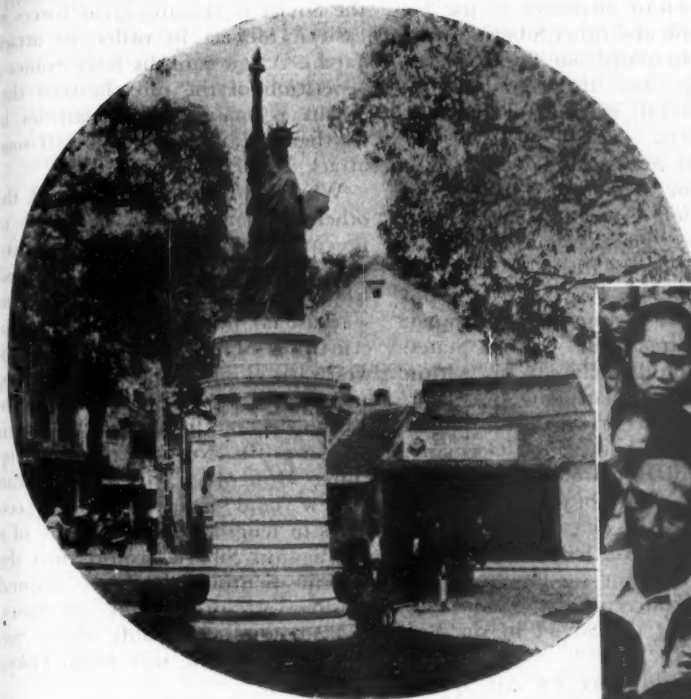
One colorful, and at the same time very practical, summer custom has been greatly curtailed by the war. This is the summer cruise, which used to afford a large group of the midshipmen the opportunity of gaining actual seagoing experience aboard naval vessels. They helped navigate the ship and received practical instruction in electrical and marine engineering, gunnery, and radio. Here they put their theoretical knowledge to practical application.

The Academy's stated mission, set forth eloquently, is this: "To make available to the Naval Service young men with alert minds and sound bodies who have been thoroughly indoctrinated with high ideals, honor, uprightness, loyalty, and patriotism; who have had inculcated in them that obedience which goes with trained initiative and leadership; who have been equipped with a sufficient professional knowledge and basic education to enable them to develop into efficient Naval officers capable of upholding the honor of the United States."

Stately Admiral Beardall, whose dignity and bearing exemplify the finest in Naval officers, advised them how best to attain that end. "Face your problems," he said, "with courage and cheerful determination and keep in mind that success is a journey—not a goal. Strive to make yourselves indispensable to your superiors while setting an officer-like example for your subordinates."

Left: Statue of Liberty in French-ruled Indo-China. Below: People of Java in the Dutch East Indies. Will the principles of the Atlantic Charter dictate the settlement of East Asia's political and economic problems? Or will the interests of colonial powers predominate?

European and Black Star



Peace in the Pacific

NOW that public and Congressional interest in intensifying war in the far Pacific areas has been aroused, the American people are awakening to the fact that the hardest and probably longest part of the war will be taken up with our eventual all-out drives to defeat Japan and bring that nation to unconditional surrender.

The old illusion that when once Germany has been defeated the combined resources of the fighting members of the United Nations can very quickly beat Japan is gradually being abandoned—and not without regrets.

But one old illusion still persists, and that is that when Japan has been beaten into surrender the problems of arranging a stable and just peace in East Asia will be much easier than

the job of making a peace that will endure in Europe. Actually the problems that will face the peacemakers and world planners in the Orient will be just as difficult of solution as those of Europe, if not more so. And the grave danger inherent in making an unsatisfactory peace in the Far East is that it might easily result in launching a movement which Japan tried to launch and failed—a genuine anti-white-man Asia for the Asiatics campaign. And that could easily result in World War III.

Without analysis, the problem seems simple. Defeat and disarm Japan; give Manchuria and Formosa back to China; let the Filipinos

have their independence; kick Japan out of Korea and set up a benevolent international tutelage system there to prepare the Koreans for independence. As for the rest of the peoples of East Asia, simply apply the promises of the Atlantic Charter, give them "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." It seems as simple as all that.

These proposed arrangements, in the first place, take no account of the position or desires of Soviet Russia in the Far East, and it is certain that Moscow will play as important a role in the future rearrangement of that part of the world as it will in the settlements affecting eastern Europe. The Soviet rupture of relations with the exiled Polish Government, and Russia's announced determination

By HALLETT ABEND

to keep all of Poland which she obtained by her agreement with Hitler in the days of her neutrality, offer a measure of the difficult problems which will be raised by Soviet claims and aspirations in East Asia.

What, for instance, is to be done about Outer Mongolia? This vast territory, part of China for several centuries, is now a Soviet Socialist Republic, and since 1924 all the borders except those facing Soviet Siberia have been closed to all trade and travel, and no access to Outer Mongolia has been possible except with passports issued in Moscow. Outer Mongolia has an area of 622,000 square miles; in other words, it is more than four times as large as the state of California.

And what about Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, which is a little larger than Outer Mongolia? This has been under Soviet Russian trade, financial, and political domination for nearly two decades.

At the close of the war, presupposing a victory for the United Nations, is Russia any more likely to hand these vast territories over to China, or let the inhabitants decide their own future national allegiance, than she is to get out of the eastern portion of Poland, or free the Baltic States?

Another problem will be the disposition of the southern half of Saghalien Island. This was awarded to Japan at the Treaty of Portsmouth, at the close of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. Is Soviet Russia to have this one-time Czarist territory handed over, or will Japan be permitted to keep it?

Russia has coveted an ice-free seaport in East Asia for more than a century, and it was her move into Dairen and Port Arthur which brought about the Russo-Japanese war. Will Moscow demand the equivalent to a "Polish corridor" through North China or through Manchuria, when the war is over? And will she join Britain, Holland, and the United States in helping to defeat Japan?

There is a general, but entirely unfounded and probably unjustified belief in the United States, that when Hitler has finally been beaten into unconditional surrender, Russia will at once join in the war against Japan, or at least abandon neutrality to the extent of permit-

ting American airplanes to use her Vladivostok and other Siberian bases in order to afford our flyers an easy round-trip for the bombing of Japan's naval, military, and industrial centers.

No hint and no pledge has ever come from Moscow to justify this smug belief. Where Britain is concerned, we know what to expect. Prime Minister Churchill, less than a month before Pearl Harbor, told the House of Commons that if Japan were to attack the United States, Britain would declare war "within the hour," and that pledge was kept. Much more recently he has promised that after the defeat of Germany, Britain will be with us in the war until Japan is beaten into surrender. That pledge, we have every reason to believe, will also be kept to the letter. But we have no clue whatever concerning the ultimate intentions of the Soviet in the Far East.

Wishful thinking for an appreciable shortening of the war leads to giving easy and unquestioning credence to frequent newspaper reports that Japan and Russia will soon be fighting one another. First comes an unconfirmed report that

Besides water containers this woman carries a child on her back

Pictorial



the Soviet is massing great forces in eastern Siberia in order to attack Japan. A few months later comes a repetition of the old chestnut that Japan is massing huge armies in northern Manchuria, and will soon attack Russia.

Why should either one attack the other? Japan would be mad to precipitate a war with the Soviets. It would open for her a new land frontier reaching from the Korean seacoast far northward to the northern tip of Manchuria, thence southwestward along the western borders, and then westward along the northern borders of Charhar and Suiyuan provinces in North China, facing Outer Mongolia. This would mean a new land frontier about 5,000 miles in length. The launching of a war against Siberia would turn the present neutral air bases around Vladivostok into enemy air bases, and Vladivostok is only about 700 miles, airline, one way from Tokyo and Osaka.

Just as it would be madness for Japan to open a new front of this length while her forces are engaged along a line of more than 2,000 miles in China, and also heavily involved against American and Australian and British forces in the South Pacific and in Burma, so would it be madness for Soviet Russia to attack Japan and open a new 5,000-mile front in East Asia while Hitler's armies are still fighting savagely in eastern Europe, and no second European front as yet exists.

Instead of the American public expecting Soviet Russia to help this country against Japan, it would be wise to face a realistic estimate of world politics and to realize that when Hitler has finally been beaten Moscow may well say to Washington and to London:

"Well, we've more than done our part. We can do no more. Now you finish off Japan."

America and Britain would then have to continue fighting for two more years, while Russia was recuperating. As a result of this the Soviet would be the most powerful nation in the world at the end of that time. Russia could then demand territories in East Asia without having to fight for them.

Of course Russia wants Japan defeated, but why should she further weaken herself if we and the British

of necessity must do the job for her?

And, to be perfectly honest with ourselves, do we wish Soviet forces to get to Tokyo before American forces get there, and so make it possible for Russia to dictate the peace in the Far East?

Soviet Russia's attitude will be by no means the only difficulty to be faced after Japan has been defeated. Already there are signs of fundamental cleavages between American policies, so far as they have been formulated, and the postwar hopes and plans of our allies, Britain and Holland.

Statements by several responsible Washington officials to the effect that we must make the Pacific Ocean "an American lake" after the war, and that if we are not freely given the distant island and other bases necessary to naval control of the Pacific "we'll simply take them," have been received with marked lack of enthusiasm in Britain, in Australia, and in New Zealand. Nor have there been any loud huzzas from the Dutch Government-in-Exile in London, nor from Chungking.

Apparently, according to the spokesmen of today's British Government, the Atlantic Charter is not to apply to Burma nor to Malaya. And it has been made painfully clear that London does not intend to give Hong Kong back to China.

These attitudes place the United States in a painful and perilous position. Suppose the American Navy and American parachute troops comprise the forces which finally eject the Japanese from Hong Kong. What are we to do with it? Hand it over to the British, in spite of Chinese protests? Let the Chinese occupy it before the British get there, in spite of bitter British protests?

The present prospects are that British and Indian troops, assisted materially by American air forces, will finally recapture Burma. Then what? Are we to stand idly by, and by inaction acquiesce in a restoration of the discredited British colonial system in Burma, despite the avowed opposition of the Burmese to such a procedure? Would London listen to Washington's possible protest to the effect that a restoration of British rule in Burma is a violation of the Atlantic Charter?

And Malaya? Are we to connive at what will almost certainly be a

vain attempt to restore the white man's prestige at Singapore after the inept manner in which that bastion of empire was lost to the Japanese—and Britain's "face" with it? Or would Britain permit us to be a partner in the restoration of Singapore as a great defensive base on behalf of all the United Nations?

Then there will be the exceedingly difficult problem of the political and economic future of the Netherlands East Indies. The Dutch Queen and Cabinet have made it abundantly clear that they will entertain no plan except a restoration of Holland's authority in the East Indies, with permanent incorporation of those fabulously rich islands in the Netherlands Empire.

This is no group of little islands. One is seven times the size of the state of New York. Another has a population of about 45,000,000. Collectively, the land and water area is about equal to the area of continental United States, not including Alaska, and collectively the islands have 70,000,000 inhabitants, of whom the Netherlands are less than one per cent, or were less than one per cent before the war was begun.

Is the United States to be the main source of the lives and treasures which must be expended to drive Japan from these islands, and yet are we to have no voice as to their future? The East Indies and Malaya are the world's principal sources of tin and rubber, and the main sources of supply for oil and gasoline in East Asia. Are we to suffer hundreds of thousands of casualties while ejecting the Japanese from these areas, and then hand them back for colonial administration by the Dutch and the British, without even assuring ourselves a permanent method of access to an equitable proportion of the tin, rubber, and oil in that part of the world?

There seems to be nothing irreconcilable between what are assumed to be our own war aims, and our own future safety, and the war aims and future safety of China. But what about Siam, or Thailand? And what about French Indo-China?

The Siamese Government, before the attack upon Pearl Harbor, was virtually the willing vassal of Japan, and was decidedly totalitarian in

domestic policies. Are we to permit this regime to survive? And if we turn it out of power, what is to be substituted?

The 24,000,000 natives of French Indo-China will be found to be violently opposed to the return of French colonial rule and corrupt exploitation. Are we to hand them back to the control of whatever kind of government eventually functions in Paris? If we do not, we shall have earned the hatred of the French; if we do, we shall have earned the hatred of the natives of Indo-China, and shall stand accused in East Asia of having betrayed the promises of the Atlantic Charter.

This huge area, 286,422 square miles, or actually 76,000 square miles larger than France itself, has a population not versed in government. The natives could not administer the country. If we do not hand it back to France, what are we to do with it?

And what is to be done with the hundreds of Pacific islands which must be taken from Japan, and which cannot be given back under the peace treaties because Japan cannot be trusted not to put them to future naval, aerial, or military use?

Present prospects are that most of these islands will be recaptured only by enormous loss of American lives, ships, and planes. Are we to keep them, as "stepping stones" to East Asia? Or shall we turn them over to some kind of international control?

These are only a few of the major problems which will face the United States and the United Nations when the last gun has been fired and the Japanese sign an unconditional surrender.

How well prepared is Washington to deal wisely with all of these problems?

How well informed is the American public about these inevitable peace-making difficulties?

And how can the American electorate, and the millions of American men and boys in our armed forces, impress upon the Government their collective wishes and decisions concerning these problems?

These are problems which must be settled wisely and justly, or the sons of our returning soldiers will have to go abroad to fight again before another quarter of a century has come to a close.



Harris & Ewing

An observer reports details of the operation in landing on Sicily

THE fall of Fascism was the beginning of a new Italy as well as the beginning of the Axis defeat. The new Italian Government, as soon as it took charge, abolished the Fascist Party and the Supreme Tribunal of Defense of the State, incorporated the Black Militia into the Army, dissolved the Chamber of Corporations, and annulled the worst laws as well as the insignia and calendar of Fascism.

Many in America are now asking whether democracy can be established in Italy. For twenty years all that Americans have heard about Italy has been Fascism, Mussolini, order, discipline, strong nation, ready armies. Twenty years: when they are being lived they seem long; when they are past and gone they seem very short. What are twenty years for a people who have more than three thousand years of history?

When Fascism came into power by means of the violent deeds of its armed squadrons, sustained by the money of the capitalists and large landowners, there existed in Italy two great organized parties which included the majority of the laboring class—the Socialist Party, which had 121 deputies in the Chamber, and the Popular Party (Democratic Catholics), which had 107 deputies. The remaining deputies were divided into small groups which, united, formed the bourgeois, so-

called Liberal-Democratic Party of 200 deputies, and the extreme parties—the Communist Party with 21 deputies, the Republican Party with 17 deputies, the Nationalist Party with 18 deputies, and the Fascist Party with 35 deputies.

Laborers were for the most part associated with confederated labor unions. The strongest confederation was of socialistic tendencies and had a membership of a million and a half. The second was Christian Democrat (Catholics), with a membership of a million two hundred thousand. The third was Syndicalist, with three hundred thousand members. And finally there were the Fascists, with fewer than fifty thousand members.

Americans may well wonder how, in view of these figures, the Fascists could ever come into power. Perhaps they have never realized that the Fascists were supported by the Nationalists and by the Liberals of the Right and of the Center, who hoped thereby to overpower the labor union movement which was gaining ground in political life. The Fascists were armed with clubs, revolvers, and muskets, and distributed castor oil with impunity; there were judges who absolved the guilty, imposed insignificant penalties, or postponed cases indefinitely. The members of the Popular Party, moreover, refused to take up arms in resistance

and as a result their co-operatives, leagues, and unions were pillaged and burned. The Socialists, when they occasionally resisted, were overpowered because the Fascists were better armed.

After Mussolini made his march on Rome (with the consent of the King) democratic Italy resisted Fascism for four more years. And when Mussolini proclaimed the totalitarian state (1926) with the celebrated slogan, "Nothing outside or above the State, nothing against the State, everything for the State," writers and men of conscience were not lacking in Italy and elsewhere to call attention to the poison contained in the new formulation of an ancient, pagan theory.

But the world was impressed by Mussolini's successes—the world looks for success—and paid little attention to the Fascist theories. A month and a half later Pope Pius XI in his allocution of Christmas 1926 raised his voice to affirm: "The State is not the end of man, but man is the end of the State." After that he often repeated this same Christian and natural principle. But even many foreign Catholics, too distant from Italy to understand their importance, ignored the words of the Pope.

Fascism utilized to its greatest advantage for many years the fear of the danger of Communism in order

The Future of Italy

By DON LUIGI STURZO

to justify its methods and theories. This writer, who at that time had been for thirty years in the midst of the working masses and peasants of almost all Italy, was well aware of the fact that this danger was nonexistent in Italy between 1919 and 1922, and he has declared it in writing on many occasions.

The situation today and what the situation will be after the present war are very different, however. The Pope's discourse of last June 13 to twenty-five thousand Catholic workers is a first and most authoritative voice about the danger of a revolution understood as the unhinging of the social order in economics and as the establishment of "state capital-

ism" in politics. Both positions would be dangerous. The reality is that the danger exists for everyone, but that it is possible and it is a duty to face the danger with prudence and courage.

Italy may be less susceptible than other countries to the Communist threat, unless the conditions of peace should be too humiliating and assistance to the impoverished people insufficient. For in Italy small property holding is diffused widely among the middle and lower classes, even among the rural population and city artisans. The peasant classes of Southern Italy and of the Islands have a good share of small property. In Tuscany the peasant has for cen-

turies worked on shares with the owner, almost always the same property or farm for generations, and in true and constant co-operation. Almost all the Alpine and Apennine villages, although poor, form communities bound to the soil which they own. Workers in great industries are not numerous. They are intelligent and able. Before the advent of Fascism they formed the backbone of Socialism. There were Communists among them, but they were the exception.

Catholic Action in Italy is spread in all the parishes. It has a great hold on youth and on the masses. Never has it been Fascist, although sometimes it was indulgent toward Fascism.

As for the Italian intellectuals, either they are liberal or Catholic by tradition. Few are Socialists, very few are Fascists, and none are Communists. Communism, like Fascism, does not belong to the genius of the Italian people. Fascism was the hybrid product of Russian Bolshevism and French Nationalism.

The first new development that must be taken into account is the invasion and occupation of Sicily. There, an Anglo-American governmental agency, Amgot, has been established. It is working very well and has gained the confidence and good will of the people of Sicily. The Sicilians have been the first to welcome Allied troops as friends and liberators and have demonstrated toward them the real feelings of all



European

King Victor Emmanuel replaces Mussolini in conferring decorations on war orphans

Crown Princess Maria José of Italy with her small son



Black Star

ism" in politics. As father and head of Catholicism he prays that "our Lord may open in justice and charity the road to that generous and peaceful progress so ardently desired by us that it may make Italy prosperous and strong in an unshaken Christian framework."

The words of the Pope pass beyond the limits of Italy and are valid for the whole world, because the danger of social revolution, if it exists or will exist after the war, would threaten not only Italy and Germany, but all the occupied countries, the neutral countries, and even the conquerors.

Let us not exaggerate the Communist danger so as to make a bogey of it, but on the other hand let us not minimize it so much as to believe

Italians. As a matter of fact these people were never Fascists nor imperialists.

The second fact that must be taken into account is the appointment of Marshal Badoglio as premier of the new Italian Government and the popular manifestations of joy in all Italian cities and villages at the fall of Fascism. Badoglio's is only a transitional government; he has given assurances to the people that there will be a return to the old Italian constitution and liberties as soon as the war is over. But about the peace for which the Italian people are longing he declared only that he "will bring the war to a conclusion with honor and dignity." A sudden surrender was not expected by Marshal Badoglio. He evidently wished to avoid the accusation that he had made a decision of such great consequence for Italy under pressure and with panic. By the time these lines appear in print changes of considerable importance may have taken place.

At the time of writing [early August] Badoglio has two alternatives—he may continue the war or he may sue for peace. In the first case Italy will probably be occupied by the Allies, province by province, until the final collapse. In case of "honorable capitulation" many lives and cities would be spared. Whatever the future brings, it is certain that the present government is transitory and that the Italian people will sooner or later choose a government to their own liking.

It is impossible to go back: Fascism is gone, and liberalism is gone, too. This liberalism was that of the Latin bourgeoisie. It existed in France as well as in Italy, as a political, one-class government, under the banner of liberty indeed, but in reality as a one-way road, antilabor, antichurch, and antimiddle class, with all political and economic levers of command in its hands. As I see it now from the outside the new regime will be democratic, greatly influenced by Christian social principles, and perhaps no less so by socialistic ideals.

One of the main immediate questions will be that of the Monarchy, especially if the King reaffirms his past policy of continuing the war against the United Nations. It seems to me that the present King, Victor

Emmanuel III, can no longer remain on the throne in spite of the fact that he has ousted Mussolini. He has accepted all the Fascist responsibilities; he abolished Parliament and the Statute which he had sworn to respect and defend; he signed the declaration of war against Ethiopia and assumed the title of Emperor; he countersigned the annexation of Albania; he underwrote the act of war against France, England, Greece, Yugoslavia, and the United States. How could it be possible for him to



Pope Pius XII, who like his predecessor condemned the errors of Fascism

be a faithful ally of people he has declared to be his enemies? He will probably abdicate, leaving the Crown Prince to sue for peace.

In any case a constituent assembly of the people's representatives must be legally established, and in due time, so that all questions of the new constitution can be fully discussed and resolved with right knowledge and good will.

The most delicate problem in Italy will be that of the relations between Church and State, since the Head of the Catholic Church resides in Italy, and Rome is his See as it was Peter's. Catholics throughout the whole world have an interest in the Pope's staying at Rome, free, independent, and respected. After her

unification as a kingdom, Italy was ill thought of among Catholics, because of anticlericalism which lasted over at least half a century.

There are two kinds of anticlericalism: that which derives from religious hatred and exists in every country where there are Catholics or other Christians (Americans know of the Ku Klux Klan and the *New Republic*); the other, political, is distinctly European and Latin. This latter species has its origin in the *ancien régime* of the period preceding the French Revolution, when the clergy and the churches possessed a vast amount of non-negotiable real property, while the clergy as such had a political influence in the national and local parliaments.

In the Italy of the *Risorgimento*, besides the question of ecclesiastical property (which constituted one-third of all the national property), there was the question of the temporal power of the Popes. All of those who wanted the abolition of the Papal States in order to reincorporate them into the national territory were regarded as anticlerical, even if they were good Catholics like Alessandro Manzoni.

Today these two principal motives for political anticlericalism do not exist in Italy. The clergy, as such, no longer has any political importance; neither does it possess what it possessed eighty years ago. The Italian clergy is poor, and this counts much in its favor in Italian public opinion.

Furthermore, Pope Pius XI had the courage to end the old question of the temporal power which had remained merely as a formula of protest at the election of each pope.

But there exists in Italy today another anticlerical disease. It is of two kinds: Fascist anticlericalism and the anti-Fascist variety. Even after the war both kinds will continue to exist.

The first species derives from the "incompatibility of character" between Fascism and the Catholic Church. Many have believed that Fascism was a kind of Italian political Catholicism. Nothing could have been more false. Popes and bishops and clergy in Italy understood what a totalitarian state is—the negation of Christianity. It suffices to read Pope Pius XI's "*Non abbiamo bisogno*" of June 29, 1931, in which he de-

nounces the errors of Fascism and its persecution of Italian Catholic Action, especially among youth. Pope Pius XI had a list of totalitarian propositions made in order that instruction might be given in seminaries and Catholic universities on how to combat them on the ground of Catholic doctrine. He deplored and condemned the anti-Semitic laws introduced into Italy by Fascism, and protested against destruction by the Fascists of printing presses, co-operatives, and Catholic clubs. Pope Pius XII took up the teaching of his predecessor, and though more cautious in form since it is a period of war, the substance has always been against totalitarianism in any guise.

Even after the fall of Fascism, Fascist anticlericalism will remain in many as a virus; twenty years of living side by side with the Church, not because of faith but for political expediency, causes resentment which it will be very difficult to overcome quickly.

Extreme anti-Fascist anticlericalism derives from a theory that the popes have always played politics to the damage of Italy; that they have favored Fascism in order to gain advantages therefrom. Hence, the Pope must be reduced to political impotence. Some, without wishing a religious quarrel, think that the Lateran Treaty and the Concordat attached to it should be abolished, since they bear the Fascist imprint. They would like to make a similar treaty, or else internationalize Vatican City and forget it once

and for all. As for the Concordat, which they hate, they want it abolished, either amicably or unilaterally.

From various polemics in the press it seems that these anti-Fascists, realizing the universal character of the Papacy and its existence in Italy for two thousand years, do not intend to contest its actual right to Vatican City or to the diplomatic representation of the various nations, nor to oppose the liberty and religious independence of the Pope in directing world Catholicism as its Supreme Pastor. Whether the juridical act of 1929 (which bears the name of Mussolini) should remain, or whether another is to be made bearing a more respectable signature, is not a serious question. But if under this pretext the religious rights of the Pope were to be damaged, then the question would become complicated because of the interest which the Catholics of the whole world would have in it.

Concerning the Concordat, opinions vary. The American system of liberty for the Church, without a concordat, is preferable at the present time to the concordat system. But it must be said at once that in Italy the 1929 Concordat served to regulate many ecclesiastical matters, legal as well as financial, which had remained suspended since the time of the *Risorgimento*. It settled too the recognition of the right of religious congregations to be organized; previously they could not be formed legally, although in fact they were established.

For all these reasons, the Concordat should not be denounced unilaterally, as happened in France in 1905. This would leave the clergy without salary, the churches without means of worship or of maintenance, charitable and educational institutions without buildings. The faithful would have to assume expenses which they have never had to pay—and all this at the very moment of greatest poverty, following a disastrous war. An attempt should be made to negotiate the matter in a friendly way with the Vatican and avoid a religious conflict on the day after so tragic a war.

The Pope is a father; he, too, will have every desire and interest to avoid Italy's being agitated by an anti-Fascist anticlericalism after having been tormented for twenty years by sham Fascist clericals who through conviction or for political reasons were really anticlerical and anti-Christian.

English and American Catholics, as well as Catholics throughout the world, as well as all good men, should help the Italians, who stand closest to the Chair of Saint Peter, to resume their role, not only in the society of nations but in a Christian and Catholic brotherhood of all men.

It was significant that the Roman people at midnight on July 25 (the date of the fall of Fascism) went to the Piazza of St. Peter's and acclaimed the Holy Father for more than half an hour. They evidently wished that he should share in the joy of all Italians.

Piazza of St. Peter's. The people came here to acclaim the Holy Father on the fall of Fascism



"Very interesting bit of music isn't it?" she called. She was going into that intricate run which in the piano score took both hands in horrible sprawling leaps

I had a **LITTLE SISTER**



Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

By

MICHAEL FOSTER

THE fire of splintered packing cases burned low on the hearth, filling the great room with rich shadows and deep, changing colors. Sprawled long-legged on the white leather settle, Matthew Foran smoked his corn-cob pipe with a baronial feeling. It was the first time in his life he had ever had a house to live in, and all to himself.

With a certain awe, as he watched the play of his hearthfire light upon the wine-dark red carpet, he knew that he would still be living in hotel rooms, the anonymous pianist and arranger for Willie Krenz's dance band, if he hadn't read in *Billboard* about a contest for a native American symphony, sponsored by a broadcasting company. He didn't give it much thought at the time, but it stuck in his mind, and one afternoon

a week later, he exhumed from his trunk a piece of serious music he had sketched half-heartedly last summer when he was out of a job for a month. Trying it over, he still rather liked the sound of it, especially the swing movement. He began experimenting around, with a feeling as of a contemptuous grin at himself, scoring it for a full-dress orchestra. He found there was an awful lot he didn't know about a job like that, and he had to write an andante movement, but he finally got it all together in some sort of shape, called the whole thing "Memoranda for the End of the World," and surreptitiously dropped it in a mailbox.

It won second prize. Some guy who was professor of harmony at a conservatory got first prize; and Matt thought that probably the board of

distinguished musicians and critics picked his piece for second money for practical purposes of contrast and novelty and shrewd publicity values. If that's what it was, it was successful. So that when Matt faced the Philharmonic orchestra that night with the baton in his hand, he had an airline ticket to Hollywood in his vest pocket, and in his lawyer's safe a contract to do the tunes for MJO's huge musical, *I Heard America Singing*. . . .

He got up from the white leather settle, and strolling to the shadowed end of the room, threw open a pair of tall French windows onto the seaward terrace. The new moon was setting, a thin and cynical comment in the fading clear green light in the west, over the sea. Below his terrace wall the surf of the Pacific crashed in drowsy thunder on the sliding sands, and along the great crescent of Santa Monica beach the desert stars, rising in the east, were stained by the fermenting, fragile lights of a civilization in which strange things were possible.

But after all, he thought, why shouldn't he have a house, even a pretentious, expensive one on Malibu Beach? He began to see sense in what his agent had said. His agent had, of course, reserved a suite for him at a lavish hotel; and Matt, who had thought to live in one of his usual \$3.50-a-day hotel rooms, was still dazed when the agent, among all that prestige-splendor, had mentioned casually that a real-estate man, friend of his, would call next day to show him houses which he might like. It was all very confused, and tonight Matt had brought his suitcases in a taxicab to this house. He had found some old packing cases in the basement, but no axe: so he had kicked them to pieces to build the fire which somehow would mean that he was at home in all that vast emptiness of unexplored rooms. His agent had told him that afternoon that he had contacted an employment agent who would send servants to be interviewed tomorrow morning.

"Ha! Rrrrr-ghmmm!" Matt said

dually, as one who was boredly accustomed to such things, and an empty echo tiptoed down the wide staircase from the mezzanine to meet him in the middle of the vast room. The fire had burned out quickly, to a smudge of scarlet in black ashes, on the hearth. Leaving the French windows open, he stood looking at the piano in the corner of the seaward windows. It was a concert grand, and the last of the firelight burnished the rich curve of the case, caught a final glimmering spark on brass. And suddenly he had on his fingertips the beginning of a tune, for the picture. It was curious: he'd been worried because he needed to have a tune to start work on tomorrow, at the studio. And now the sight of that great piano, in the rich darkness of this strange, lovely house, had started his mind.

The bass growled pleasantly, and then sank to a satisfied contrapuntal beat as his right hand began to explore tentatively the possibilities of the tune. There was one place—it needed a falling off into diminished sevenths: he tried it over again, breaking the bass into a quick stutter and pickup. Fumbling expertly with the new tune, his eyes were mooning dreamily over the scrolled top of the empty music-rack.

And over the top of the empty music-rack he saw the great bright-painted front door swing open in a matter-of-fact sort of way. A girl came in briskly.

With his right hand he held down the keys of a very modern chord, until it whispered away in waves of fading sound and was lost in the dim impersonal echoes of the enormous room. With his left hand he gulpingly straightened his necktie—and then his fingertips flew nervously to his lips as the girl calmly stripped off her gloves and tossed them on to the hall table and, taking off her hat, dropped it on top of them in the casual, intimately feminine way of a woman coming home. She was humming under her breath: a vague, happy, little absent-minded breath of tune, slightly off key.

Matt stood up. His startled face

must have gleamed pallidly in what was left of the firelight because she appeared to see him.

"Oh, hello, Ricardo," she said, lifting thin fingers to the hair about her ears as she turned from the hall table.

Matt didn't say anything. His tongue, instead of finding adequate words, was touching the corners of his dry lips.

"I heard your piano as I came up," the girl said in her extraordinary, cool voice, clear as that of a child. "I do think you're improving in tonal qualities, Ricardo."

Matt said:

"Uh—what?"

It was so dark in the hall where she stood that he couldn't see much of her, except that she was tall; a chink of street light from a hall window accidentally defined for a moment a high shoulder, and the slim back-line of a black tailored suit. As she came toward him, she said:

"But why have you the lights all out? You'll ruin your eyes."

He opened his mouth to say something—it seemed to him that something loud and decisive should be said quickly, before this awful mistake, whatever it was, could go any further. But all he heard was a dry gulping click as his throat closed spasmodically. The girl touched a light switch on the wall and a table-lamp glowed into pale radiance.

"The Amidons sent you their love. They were sorry you couldn't come," she said. "But you didn't miss much. It was a dull dinner, as dull as you said it would be."

He watched her with horribly fascinated eyes. She was much younger than he had thought—not more than twenty, probably, by her bright cheeks and her clear, grave eyes. She was a lovely, tall, cool person and she was looking at him with a faintly tender smile.

"You look tired, my Ricardo," she said. "Are you all right?"

Matt sat down suddenly on the piano bench. There was a dreadful slipping feeling inside his skull and the room swam palely in a haze of absolute unreality.

"I . . . I guess so," he said.

"You are tired, poor dear," she said. "May I fix you your toddy, before I go up?"

She went to a liquor cabinet which he hadn't noticed in a corner, and

Matt Foran expected almost anything in Hollywood, but he wasn't prepared for the young woman who walked so suddenly and so strangely into his life

took out a new and unopened bottle of whisky. Carrying it, and wrinkling up her eyes in a little affectionate snoot at him as she passed the piano, she went into the kitchen. He heard her open a cupboard door in there, and turn on a burner of the electric range.

Matt sprang up in alarm, and gazed wildly around the room. It was the right room, all right; it was the house which he had rented. With a dazed lurch of pure panic, he shoved the bench back and banging his leg painfully on the corner of the piano, went across the room with quick strides, into the hall. There, on the table, half under the girl's gloves and hat, he found the rent receipt which the real-estate man had made out and put there that afternoon. He was peering stupidly at it in his hand when the swinging door to the kitchen swung open again and the girl came in through the dining room, carrying a tray.

"Ricardo?" she said. "Where are you?"

He stared at her. The tray had a white napkin on it, and on the napkin was the bottle of whisky, opened now, a lemon, a glass, a sugarbowl and a small pot of hot water. She set the tray down on the low table before the fireplace, and cut the lemon with a paring knife. Still carrying the rent-receipt, which quivered like a dried leaf in his hand, Matt went back into the living room, walking on dazed and stumbling feet.

"Say!" he uttered in a loud and foolish voice. "What— There's some dreadful mis—"

"Hurry, Ricardo," the girl said. "While your drink is still hot. You mustn't let it get cold again tonight."

Her face was bent over the tray and she was frowning slightly with concentration as she did everything just right, with quick, deft motions. The drink smelled marvelous as she poured the hot water in, and she looked up at him with a bright, pleased smile.

"There," she said. "I *do* make them nicely, don't I? I do hope it will help you sleep tonight."

"I—" he said. "There's some—"

"I simply must say good night now," she said. "I hate to leave you all alone with your drink, poor Ricardo, but I have a little headache. It's been such a tiring day, hasn't it?"

Matt took a deep breath, and staring haggardly into her smiling eyes, said in a feeble voice:

"... Yes."

After the sound of her footsteps, going upstairs, had died away with the closing of a door somewhere along the hall above, Matt stood alone in the middle of his living room, with the lights all ablaze. He had gone from one switch to another and turned them all on, as if lots of light might dispel this dream-unreality. But then he heard her moving about, and the sound of water running into a tub somewhere behind closed doors.

After awhile he crept cautiously part way up the stairs and from the landing had an eye-level view of the upper hallway floor. The door of a room, halfway down, was partly open, spilling a width of light across the carpet. He looked at it for a long time: he would have to pass it to reach the distant front bedroom where he had put his suitcases. He shifted his weight uneasily from one leg to the other and a board creaked under his foot.

Her clear voice called:

"Ricardo?"

HE GAVE a jump, glanced despairingly back over his shoulder at the comparative safety of the living room, and then, since he was fairly caught, went on up the stairs, trying to make his footsteps sound matter-of-fact. She came to her doorway, in a long, belted wrapper of pale blue corduroy which made her seem taller. She was brushing her hair; with her head on one side and her eyes squinted up against the light, she regarded him with affectionate amusement.

"Nice old Ricardo," she said. "So few girls have such a swell brother to show off."

He felt his lips opening and closing stupidly like the thick lips of a fish against the glass of an aquarium tank. "... b-b-brother," they muttered mechanically.

"And I do love to show you off," she said with quaint proprietorship, giving her hair a few more vigorous strokes with her silver-backed brush. "Are you going to be able to go to the Beauforts' luncheon with me tomorrow? That Miss Armistead will be there, you know."

He said: "I . . . uh . . ." Behind her slim, careless figure he could see into that room: a warmth of dim golden lights, reflected and accented in winking silver and crystal on her dressing table, subdued to filmy radiance on the silken garments flung across a chair. "... I— What?" he said.

"You know, you *are* getting to be more and more like Dad every day," she said. "It's amazing, really, you poor absent-minded dear. I love it."

"Oh," he said. "Yes. Yes, of course . . . Eh, w-would you mind telling me who—"

"Don't you remember the way the old darling would look up from his writing, and mutter and mumble in his beard when you and I would be too noisy, playing on the floor?" she said. "Sweet old Dad. You're getting to be just like him."

Gazing at her, he closed his eyes for a long careful minute and then opened them again. She had thrust her hand, holding the silver brush, deep into a pocket of her wrapper: impersonally as a boy, she was leaning there against the doorway. Finally, with a long breath, she straightened up and said:

"Well, a happy day tomorrow, Ricardo. I do hope you sleep well tonight."

"Well, uh," he said. "I . . ."

"Pleasant dreams, and a pleasant sleep, dear," she said. Her eyes, between the shining brushed wings of her hair, were very clear and grave: she was like a good child, saying good night.

Inside his own room, he locked the door carefully with fingers which made the key rattle in its hole, and turned on all the lights. Pacing up and down, smoking hurriedly scorching cigarettes, he thought of all the weird stories he had ever heard about Hollywood, and he thought of all the stories he had ever heard about women who entrapped and preyed upon men. But remembering this girl's eyes, quiet and shining, he knew that he was on the wrong track there. It was something else.

There was that name—the Amidons. She had had dinner with them, she'd said. There was a phone book on the bedside table: quickly flipping the pages, he found a dozen families of Amidons listed. He couldn't call them all up, anyway, and ask who the girl was who'd had

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dinner with them. He thought, quite suddenly, of insanity: and going into his bathroom, he gazed long and seriously at his face. It looked about as usual, though slightly haggard.

Getting into bed, finally, he lay awake for a long time, thinking about being alone in this house with a strange, mad girl. Once he got up to make sure his door was locked: and all night long he kept waking with convulsive starts, every time there was a noise. But then he knew that morning and the bright sanity of sunlight would bring some sort of rational solution.

He was sleeping heavily when a brisk and friendly knocking on his door dragged his consciousness back up through golden depths of drowsiness. "Mmm-Wrrmp," he mumbled without thought, like the free and unworried man he always had been.

"Ricardo? Breakfast."

The cool, amused voice of that girl brought him sitting bolt upright in his bed, clutching the covers under his chin. Idiotically, he said: "Hey?"

"Blueberries," she said on the other side of the door. "The first of the season, Ricardo. And I've made scones for you again. With loganberry jam. Hurry."

When he came downstairs she was sitting at the sun-drenched table in the breakfast room, amid the fragrance of good coffee which is the proper incense to surround the presiding deity of a man's house. She had left the morning paper folded beside his plate.

"One of the nicest things about you," she said, "is that you come to breakfast on time."

"Well, I have to hurry," he said in an everyday tone. "I'm supposed to be at the studio by ten."

She had on a crinoline sort of house-dress, very bright and young, and there was a little smudge of flour, from her scone-making, across her tilted nose. He dropped his eyes and began eating hurriedly as she smiled happily at him.

"Have you any plans for this evening?" she said.

Seizing the paper, he opened it with jerky haste and hid behind it, clearing his throat. "Oh, er—no," he said. "No, absolutely."

"Then we can have a quiet evening at home," she said. "I'll have



He tried to think of all he'd read about amnesia. All he could remember was that these unfortunates should never be startled

cigarettes and whisky all ready for you on the piano. One of our old evenings like that will be nice for a change, won't it?"

He was staring at a large black headline, but he never did know what it said.

"Eh?" he said. "—Yes. Sure."

She went with him to the door, when he left, and gave him his hat and said good-by. He had to walk a half-mile along a sidewalk already hot and gritty under the morning sun before he found a taxi, and during the long ride to the studio he tried to think what best to do. He still hadn't the faintest idea by the time he entered his office and stood blinking at the piano which the studio had moved in for him yesterday. A young lady in horn-rimmed spectacles came in from the adjoining office, introduced herself as his secretary and pointed out the pile of ruled music-paper and the freshly-sharpened new pencils which had been placed for him.

"Oh, yes," Matt said. "Thank you."

After awhile he tried—timidly because his secretary anyway and maybe others were listening for the expected noises—he tried to get his fingers again on the tune he'd been improvising last night. But the chords were weak and mushy, as if, instead of crisp hammers bouncing off the strings, somebody in soggy gum-boots were walking up and down inside the works of the piano. He trailed off into an absent-minded run, remembering that girl's face while she brushed her hair in the lamplight; and the way a smudge of flour had dimmed the freckles which looked like such fun on her droll, impertinent nose. He frowned, and cleared his throat—and abruptly leaped up, galvanized with horror. The servants! They were coming today to be interviewed.

He sat on the edge of the taxi seat all the way out to Malibu Beach, but when he arrived breathless at his

own front door, he found that he'd forgotten his latchkey. He never remembered things like that. So he pushed the button, and the door was opened, presently, by a large middle-aged woman with opaque and suspicious eyes.

"Oh, hello," he said. "I'm Mr. . . ." He stopped, suddenly appalled, but trying to think quickly.

The woman said calmly: "You're Mr. Ricardo?"

"Y—yes," Matt said helplessly.

"Mmm," the woman said. "Miss Constantia told me you'd probably be coming back along about now. She's gone out, to her luncheon engagement. My name is Mrs. Eggesby."

"M—Miss Const . . ."

"Your sister," Mrs. Eggesby said. "That's her name, isn't it?"

Matt nodded, looking at her dumbly.

"Well, she's gone to her luncheon," Mrs. Eggesby said, "and I'm the new housekeeper."

On the way through the living room, she sniffed, and added:

"Miss Constantia and I agreed that there wasn't any houseboy needed, like was sent out, and no chauffeur, neither, since you got no car. This house is a one-woman job, and I don't want anyone else underfoot. Your sister is a sweet little thing, Mr. Ricardo, and very sensible, too, for a young girl like that."

"Oh, by all means," Matt said, escaping up the stairs.

As he passed the open door of the girl's room he glanced in, hesitated, and then entered on tiptoe. In its cool and dainty neatness, the room looked as if a very nice woman had lived in it for a long time. The closet was full of clothes, which even to his ignorance were distinguished looking and probably expensive; but while most of the labels were from stores in Boston, there was nothing to identify the girl. He turned to her dressing table: none of her toilet articles were initialled. There was, however, a newspaper clipping, half-crumpled and lying as if tossed aside carelessly. He smoothed it out; it was only an item of a few lines:

AMNESIA VICTIM IDENTIFIED

An elderly woman who for two weeks has lain in Mercy

Hospital, her mind a blank, was identified today by relatives as Mrs. A. J. Bernes, of Memphis, Tenn.

Released from the hospital when her identity was established, the amnesia victim, who is sixty-two years old, is being taken to her home in Memphis by her husband, a retired contractor.

"We are so glad to have Mama back," Bernes said as the aged couple boarded the train for Memphis. "I'm sure that all she needs is rest and quiet, and the clouds will disappear from her mind."

MATT felt clouds in his own mind as he put the clipping back, but at least it had given him an idea.

Before he left the room, he looked in the wastebasket, but found only a couple of sales tickets, wadded into a ball and tossed there. They were dated the day before, and showed that a bottle of whisky and a list of groceries, headed by a five-pound sack of flour, had been bought at a neighborhood market, for cash.

He went straight to the real-estate office through which he had rented the house. The real-estate man's name was McCreery, and he offered Matt a cigar on sight.

"Well, well," McCreery said.

"How's the house? What can we—"

"Who lived there before me?" Matt said.

McCreery looked surprised. "Why, a fellow name of Doremus," he said. "What's the matter?"

"What was his first name?"

McCreery gave him a curious look, but went to a card-index file. "Mmm, let's see . . . Ricardo M.," he said. "What's the trouble?"

"I don't know, yet," Matt said. "Where is he now?"

"Well, he gave up the house last Friday, when he finished his work with one of the studios. He was an artist of some kind. I don't know. He left his forwarding address, Ontario, Canada."

"Did he have a sister?"

"Well, I don't know," McCreery said, "but there was a girl with him when he looked at the house. I don't know what she—"

"Was her name Constantia?" Matt said.

McCreery shrugged. "Some foreign-sounding name," he said. "I didn't pay much attention what he called her. Now look here, Mr. Foran, if there's anything the matter I want to—"

"Oh, no," Matt said. "Never mind, thanks."

On his way back to the studio, he determined to buy a book on abnormal psychology. He tried to think of all he'd read about amnesia in fiction stories: but all he could remember was an impression that these unfortunate people should never be startled. This seemed to be a very complicated case: the girl hadn't really lost her memory, but—

They had dinner by candlelight that night in the dining room, and the girl, lovely and serene in a pale primrose evening frock, chatted happily of her friends and Ricardo's whom she had seen at lunch. Answering her quietly, playing his role as well as he could, Matt took his cues from her—and it turned out, somehow, to be the most charming dinner he could remember.

And afterward, after they had gone into the living room side by side, walking quietly like people who are good companions and needn't chatter all the time, he played for her in the firelight, while she knitted on a surprising blue-and-yellow scarf, with her knitting bag on the floor beside her.

Toward midnight, when they had been sitting for hours in their chairs, one on each side of the fireplace, she tossed her knitting aside and asked curiously:

"What is that ponderous book you are reading, Ricardo?"

"Eh?" he said in a startled voice. "Oh, it's just a book I picked up. Why?"

"You've had the most curious expressions on your face," she said. "I just wondered."

She paused and opened her lips as if to say something, but then only touched his sleeve with her fingertips and went away, upstairs.

And so began a curious, a secret life for Matt Foran. He would hurry home from his day at the studio and she would be waiting there: in all his lonely years of hotel rooms he had never known of things like her serenely intimate presence across the candle-lit dinner table, or their

long evenings of quietness together in front of the fireplace. One evening they went out, to a movie in Santa Monica, and had a soda afterward. On the way home, she said suddenly: "Let's stop the taxi and walk the rest of the way." There was a moon setting, far out over the Pacific, and they walked along together in old friendliness, hearing the great drums of the surf beating up and down the coast, until they came home, to their house; and with her hands shoved deep into her pockets she watched him with a faint smile while he fumbled with the latchkey.

A queer thing happened one evening:

Tired of tinkering with music all day at the studio, he was lying in his chair on his side of the dying fire, soaking up the peace of the room and of her nearness, when she got up with a little abrupt movement. Walking back and forth restlessly, touching a pile of magazines to straighten them, standing for a moment in front of the seaward windows, she finally went over to the piano and stood looking down at the keyboard. Then she sat down and struck a series of ascending chords, ending with a little cynical *plink!* of a D-flat high in the treble. With a deep breath, she began to play a Chopin waltz. He started to say: "I didn't know you could play the piano!"—but bit his lip closed in time and glanced up to see her watching him with a shadowy smile which for the first time had a tinge of . . . perhaps of mockery, perhaps of faint, impatient malice: a superior, very sisterly expression.

He closed his eyes and listened with professional exactness: she had a good touch, decisive and delicate, a bit makeshift as to fingering. And suddenly he sat bolt upright, staring at her: she had shaded the Chopin waltz off, on a E-minor chord, into the opening bars of the andante movement of his "Memoranda for the End of the World." Those curiously crippled chords, then that deep, unpleasant singing beginning in the bass, with the flying right hand jazzing in shattered sharps and flats the barrelhouse theme of the swing movement—

"Very interesting bit of music, isn't it?" she called. "—Wait . . ." She was going into that intricate run which in the piano score took

both hands in horrible, sprawling leaps. She started all right, but halfway up her fingering went to pieces and she stopped suddenly. In the sudden, buzzing silence, she said in an amused voice:

"It's by some young person. Named Foran, or something like that. It's rather cute, don't you think?"

After a minute or so, Matt said:

"Yeah. I guess so."

And she said:

"I'm sleepy, Ricardo. Goodnight."

He was getting along pretty well with his work at the studio. It was a good life, once he got used to it and found that the brisk office routine was only a front elaborately and expensively maintained for the happiness of the producers and executives with their make-believe of business efficiency. But when he came home at night and closed the door, he was entering a world as remote and as strangely vivid as the world of a dream: and somewhere in the dim radiance of the house her voice would call, "Hello," and he would answer. That world was theirs: it was the only place of quietness and loveliness he had ever had, and not for anything would he have endangered it by letting any everyday people know of that secret life.

ONE day toward the end of the second week, Jimmy Diarmid, the director, strolled into Matt's office and said: "Come on. We're going to look at the screen tests."

They went across the lot in the glaring sunshine. The lights had already been turned out in the projection room; stumbling and groping in the darkness, Matt followed Diarmid into the last row of seats. There seemed to be quite a number of people down in front, too, buzzing and whispering. Diarmid said: "All right, Joe," and the screen flickered jerkily and then blazed into steady light. They ran off the tests of the principals first, in quick succession: Edward Malin, blinking a little into the camera but singing marvelously. Ellen MacRae doing a swell job in her big solo scene from the script and singing a musical comedy song because her own song wasn't written yet. And several others, while the men in the back row of seats growled comments.

Another test was coming up: on the screen an assistant director was holding up a blackboard on which was chalked: DL73 ANNE WAR-ING when Diarmid leaned over toward Matt and said: "I think we've got a real find here, for the part of Dorothea. We tested dozens of girls. The boss called this one in and signed her up this morning." On the screen, the assistant director lowered his blackboard and ran crouching off the stage and—

That girl came walking toward the camera.

From an enormous distance Matt heard Diarmid's voice say: "Hey, what's the matter?"

And Matt whispered: "... n-nothing."

It was she. The serene and lovely face, grave with youth but touched, too, with the swift shadows of an elfin amusement which gave it a shy and secret delightfulness; and when she spoke, the cool young voice he knew so well. His . . . Ricardo's sister.

The lights came up unexpectedly and after a long, unreal minute Matt realized that Diarmid was talking to him again.

"What?" He looked up, blinking.

"I said, wouldn't you like to meet some of these people? Most of them are here."

"Oh," Matt said. "Yes. Of . . . Thanks."

Diarmid was looking at him curiously but there were an awful lot of people crowding around, all chattering at the top of their voices, and he shook hands with Edward Malin who offered him a cigarette from a gold case and with Freddy Berndt who struck a match and held it for both of them and then he saw the girl. She was standing a little apart, calmly. Diarmid was walking toward her; they stood and talked for a minute and she laughed at something he said and then they turned and were coming back up the aisle together. Matt's fumbling hand dropped the cigarette and as he stooped to pick it up he heard Diarmid's smooth voice introducing her. "He's writing our tunes, you know, Miss Waring."

"How do you do?" she said. Her eyes were very clear and very impersonal. "I've liked your music, Mr. Foran."

As Matt opened his mouth in a

dumb sort of way, she smiled politely and turned to meet someone else whom Diarmid was introducing. Malin clapped Matt on the shoulder and began talking about something or other, Matt never knew what; when he had a chance to peer around to find the girl again, he was just in time to see her going out the door. He started to follow, barging through the dissolving crowd, but Diarmid's hand on his arm stopped him. "Just a minute, Matt," he said. "There are a couple of places in the script, here, that I'd like to—"

It lasted a long time. Diarmid talked on, long after they were left standing alone in the empty projection room. At last, though, Matt leaped into a taxi at the studio gates and snapped: "Drive like hell to Malibu Beach." But he needn't have raced. When he burst through the front door, she was waiting in the living room, standing very straight in the middle of the carpet with three suitcases, two large ones and a small one, about her feet. He stopped in mid-stride, staring at them and then at her.

"I don't blame you for being cross, Mr. Foran," she said in a small voice.

He leaned against the wall for support, and, remembering it suddenly, took off his hat.

"You can say whatever you want to," she said. "I've sent Mrs. Eggesby out. But before you begin, here's this."

She held an envelope out toward him.

"What's . . . what's in it?" he asked.

"It's for my share of the—household expenses," she said. "I drew an advance when I signed my contract this morning."

"But," he said, "I . . ." He saw all at once that she was terribly frightened. Her hand trembling. "Please sit down," he said gently.

She did: as if her knees had given way.

"I must tell you," she said. "And then of course I'll leave. But to begin with, we have the same agent, you see."

"Oh," he said. "But, who are you?"

"My name really is Anne Waring," she said. "You see, I'd been in Hollywood seven months without being able to get a job—I know it was silly, but I worked in a little theater on Cape Cod for two years and I

thought. . . . Anyway, I only had nine dollars left, the day that Mr. Diarmid told me he was pretty sure the studio would put me under contract because of that test. In about two weeks, he said."

He, too, sat down quite suddenly, and they stared solemnly at each other.

"It was awful," she said. "Nine dollars wasn't enough— If at the end of the two weeks I didn't get the job, after all, I couldn't have paid my bill at the hotel and then I suppose I'd have gone to jail."

"Oh, I wish I'd known you then," he said. "I could have—"

"I was at the agency that afternoon. I saw you leave, while I was waiting. And when I went in, he told me what a nice young man you were, and how very shy. And he said you'd taken this house. And I was desperate—simply, savagely desperate."

"But," Matt said, "this house? And . . . and Ricardo—"

"Oh," she said, "I've known Constantia for years. We were in boarding school together. They were the only people I did know in Hollywood. I was here an awful lot; I still had the latchkey she'd given me. I'd forgotten to return it. And, you see, if they hadn't gone back to Canada, I could have stayed here for those awful two weeks. I was thinking about that in the agent's office that day. I think probably," she said meditatively, "that's what gave me the idea. That and the piece in the paper about Mamma and her amnesia."

"My God," Matt said feebly.

"I might as well tell you about it," she said.

"Wait," Matt said. "What was this Ricardo like?"

RICARDO? Oh, he's a funny little man. Quite bald. He's been married four times. But I was going to tell you: that afternoon, after I'd unpacked my things in the room I always had when I stayed with Constantia, the nine dollars was enough to buy the bottle of whisky for a stage prop, and the groceries for your breakfast."

"But how about all these people you had dinner with, and lunch, and—"

"Why, I made them up, of course. They were nice names, don't you think? Quite distinguished. I was

just out walking around until time to make my entrance. I think," she said, "that my worst moment was when you came upstairs that first night. I was badly scared, then."

"Then, the next day I left that clipping about Mamma's amnesia where you'd be sure to see it when you came back to snoop around. I knew it would give you the—"

"Say, look here, if you think I go poking around in strange girls' bedrooms—"

"You did, didn't you? I went out and walked around some more on purpose, so you could. But please let's not quarrel. There's one more thing I feel pretty low about: you were so cute and bewildered that I simply couldn't resist teasing you and baffling you still more, sometimes. Like the night I played your music. I'm sorry. And I guess that's all," she said, arising and picking up her suitcases.

Matt took a deep breath.

"Oh, no it isn't," he said.

He stood up, too, and putting his hands on the girl's shoulders, turned her gently until she had to face him.

"Haven't . . . haven't you liked being here?" he asked in a shaky voice.

To his consternation, the girl began to tremble violently. The defiant pride crumpled on her face, and she began to cry.

He pulled her slowly nearer, and she leaned her forehead against him while she wept, still holding her suitcases. He felt his shirt-front becoming damp. "Oh, my dear," he said, "if you could only know what—what it's meant to. . . . I mean, like it's been—" He stopped hopelessly, appalled at the utter impossibility of ever being able to tell her.

"I know," she said in a muffled voice. "Me, too."

Stupidly, he said:

"What?"

"I—I hadn't bargained f-for that," she said.

"But, why— Then you don't have to go, at all!" he stammered. "Look, we can be married. Right now, this afternoon! And—"

Stooping swiftly, he took her suitcases from her hands, but she looked down at him, still crying mournfully.

"No," she said. "We can't. At least, not today. Poor Mrs. Eggesby would *never* understand."

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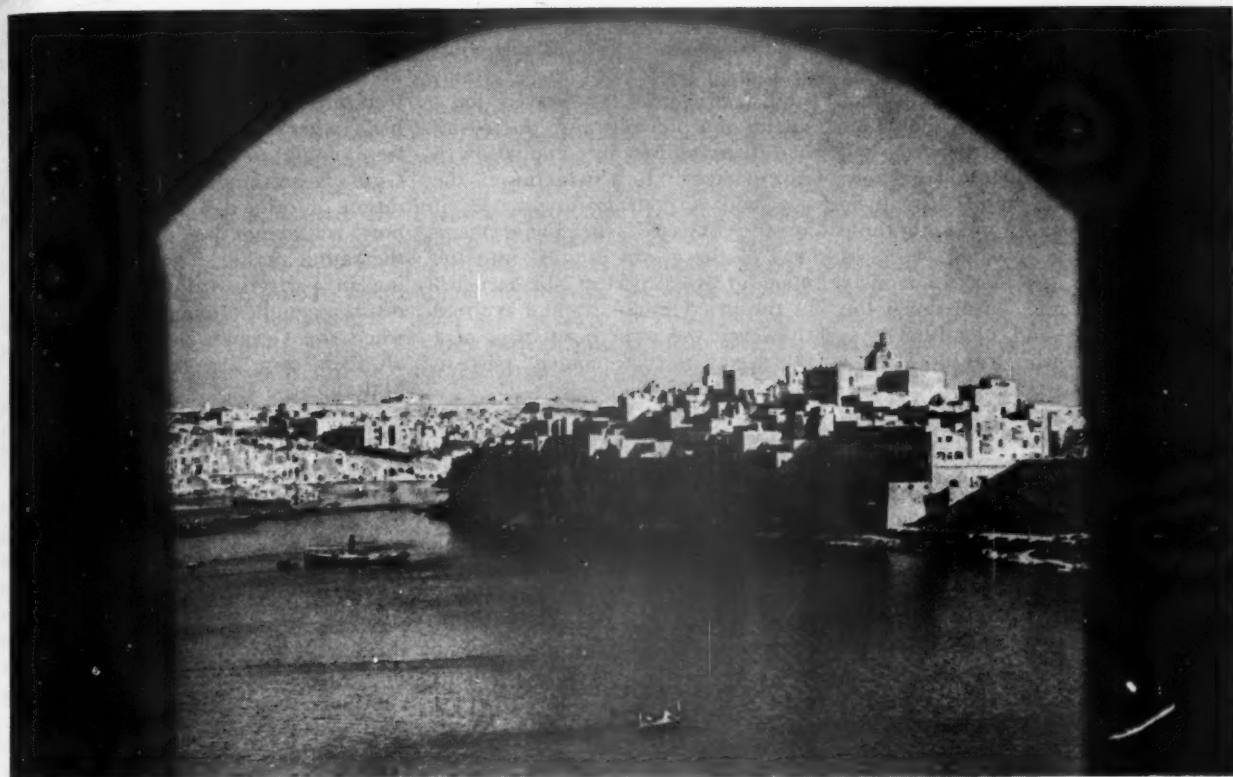
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British Information Service

View of the tiny island of Malta, which held out heroically against night-and-day attacks by Axis planes

Malta—Gallant Little Island

By PHILIP PULLICINO

TO THE tourist visiting Malta before the war, one of the main points of interest was the catacombs. Certain parts of the Island are honeycombed by a series of subterranean corridors cut out of the solid rock at a depth varying from fifteen to forty feet. The stranger who visited these monuments of early Christian life in Malta was told tales of the manner in which the Maltese, converted to Christianity by the Apostle St. Paul when he was shipwrecked on the Island in A.D. 58, escaped from the persecutions of the Roman soldiery by seeking shelter in these underground hiding places. Guides conjured up pictures of a frightened group of Christians spending days and nights in the cold, damp corridors, huddled together before a small oil lamp

that flickered before a holy image.

Nearly two thousand years later, those same catacombs were again used by the Maltese to escape the forces of evil. It was no longer necessary to paint pictures in the imagination of the use to which the catacombs were put in those far-off days, for we were once again living the same life our ancestors had lived.

For months on end, day and night,

An eyewitness account of the havoc wrought on the island of Malta by Axis raids. Malta, for so long on the receiving end, is now a base of operations against Southern Europe

women and children went down to the catacombs, emerging into the light for a few short hours, to fill their lungs with fresh air and to snatch a scanty bite of food. Day in and day out, in the comforting safety of the shelters they would find their places in the semidarkness—for the only light came from a few tiny lamps burning before a picture of the *Madonna ta l-Ghar* (Our Lady of the Cave). The flickering lights that cast eerie shadows about the rows of silent, weary human forms, were lit by precious oil, a rare commodity which the shelter-goers forwent in turn, to keep the light burning. The lamps themselves were crude, homemade affairs; a narrow earthenware jar or a rusty metal polish tin with a wick which was passed through a small hole in the

metal cap or cover. Some of the bigger shelters did have electric lighting, but this failed during every big raid and finally ceased altogether when no more fuel was available for the power station, and they too had to adopt the oil lamps. Somehow, the soft yellow light of these little lamps was more appropriate in those surroundings; it covered with its gentle shadow the looks of anxiety and suffering, and toned down the weary features and bloodshot eyes of the people who had not had a good sleep for weeks.

In the background, where there was a small clearing visible from most of the corridors, a rough altar was erected. Mass was occasionally celebrated there when the bombing was serious, or when new premises were being sought for a chapel after the parish church had been blown up. Every evening a few stumps of candles would be lighted and while the guns boomed overhead and the explosion of bombs made the earth shudder and tremble, the shelterers would recite the Rosary and the Litany. Then they would say the usual prayers for their fathers and husbands and sons manning the guns and guiding the searchlights, or working in dangerous areas, in the dockyard or on airdromes. Prayers were offered for the brave airmen and for the sailors, and then the community would end up with the familiar wartime prayer

"Alla tghana, Omna Marija,

Waddab il bombi fil bahar u fil hamrija!"

which, translated, reads: "Oh God, oh Mother Mary, direct the bombs, we pray thee, into the fields and into the sea." A simple prayer, but one that was uttered fervently with a devotion that was impressive in the extreme.

THE men who had a job to do, however, were not always lucky enough to find the welcome cover of rock to shield them. Often it was a question of deciding in seconds where best you could throw yourself for maximum protection. One day I met a young priest. He was held up with me at a blocked street junction. He had just come back from the Addolorata Cemetery—a favorite target for enemy bombers, since it is one of the very few sites in Malta where trees are found in any quan-

tity—and he was covered with dust. He told me rather excitedly that just as the small party at the graveside were reciting the last prayers for a victim of a previous raid, the service had been rudely interrupted by a dive bomber. "In a twinkling of the eye, and without waiting to see if anyone objected, the living members of the group jumped into the open grave—a perfect slit trench," as the priest put it, "and I realized that even the uninviting space of a grave was at that moment particularly welcome!"

Life had to go on! Bury the dead, heal the wounded, feed the people, repair the ships, repair the airdromes. Everyone had his work to perform. We were all in the front line, and every job counted. And it is due to the fact that every man, woman, and child performed his duty—whatever it was—in spite of the strain and terror of the times in which they moved, that Malta managed to survive.

The Services, the Army, the Navy, and the gallant Air Force, performed wonderful and glorious deeds, but without a determined and courageous civilian population behind them, it is doubtful whether they could have saved the Island. In truth, the only difference between civilians and servicemen was that some wore a uniform and the others did not. They worked together, and they fought together. During prolonged heavy raids when nought but our guns lay between the enemy and our homeland, it was a sight to gladden the eye and to make you feel proud that you were born a Maltese, to see countrywomen and their sons rushing backward and forward between the guns and the munition dumps, bearing in their arms the long, heavy anti-aircraft shells to feed the red-hot guns while overhead the Nazi flew in his hundreds vainly trying to break a spirit of dogged courage and perseverance that increased as the enemy redoubled his efforts.

In August 1942, I spoke to Giuseppe. A few months before he had been crossing over from Malta to the sister Island of Gozo—a distance of five miles—in a small boat about seven feet in length. It was more like a small dinghy, and was normally used for fishing around the coasts, near those picturesque caves which are so plentiful in the cliffs

on the northern side of the Island. With him, went his younger sister Mananni, an attractive girl of fourteen, already used to hard work on her father's farm. Together they were going to try and find some Gozo cheese to add to the miserable ration of canned food, which, anyhow, would not last to the end of the ration period. They were crossing in perfectly calm weather beneath a cloudless blue sky, at a time when the Germans were having it all their own way in the skies of Malta.

GIUSEPPI's arm was stiff, and he limped slightly as he walked by my side. "We were going to see Toni the farmer and buy some of his cheese; he knew we were coming and he invariably keeps some for us. When we were half way across the channel, we saw four planes nosing their way in and out of the bays round the coast of Malta.

"When they were near St. Paul's Bay, we lost sight of two of them, and the other two flew northward in our direction. They appeared to have noticed us because they flew straight over our heads and then turned again and circled round us. Mananni waved to them as they flew past the second time, quite low this time. Then they banked swiftly and climbed steeply, and we thought they were going away.

"We looked toward Gozo, still a mile distant. As soon as those planes had gone some distance, however, they turned, and Mananni said: 'Look, Gius, they are coming back again.' I turned my head and saw them diving straight at us. Then they opened fire! Spurts of flame came from those wings and little waterspouts appeared on the surface of the sea. Those spouts crept nearer to the boat, and, to the accompaniment of terrific explosions, those two devils flew straight at us. I was hit in the arm and in the leg by splinters from cannon shells, and I slipped to the bottom of the boat. My sister, Mananni, was too surprised to move. She was still waving with an innocent smile on her lips when she received the full force of cannon and machine gun from those sons of the devil."

Giuseppe's lips tightened as he said this. He swallowed hard and his eyes became blurred. I did not press

him for any more details; I had already heard how horror-stricken people had watched unbelievably from the shore, pushed off in their boats, and rushed to the rescue, but Mananni was beyond human aid. Giuseppi was taken unconscious to a first-aid beach post, and then to the hospital. He had only recently returned to his father's farm.

Before I left him, he said to me, between his clenched teeth, half praying and half imploring in a voice that was as calm and clear in its expression as it was terrible in its earnestness: "Won't one of those Nazis come down near me?"

Was that act of cowardly brutality necessary? Was it also necessary to shoot up peaceful flocks of grazing sheep? Perhaps one can now gather why our determination to fight on was so deeply rooted! We would never allow our children and our children's children to grow up under that doctrine.

In the midst of all this strife and misery, however, people lived and loved, and toiled and laughed. A new wartime routine sprang up, and the Maltese adapted themselves to it overnight. Schooling was difficult, and the little boys and girls carried their books with them to the shelters three or four times a day. There, in the rock-hewn hole they continued their studies, until the boy on the lookout shouted down to them: "Raiders Passed!" Then up they

would jump, interrupting the lesson, and emerge into the sunshine hopping, skipping, laughing, pleased because the walk back to school meant another ten minutes free from lessons. Some classes had to be held in the open air, because the school buildings were unsafe, or had disappeared. Other classes were spread in different houses. When the Royal Malta University was hit, classes were held in three different villages!

But the raids never really affected the children. They regarded them as part of the exciting times in which their generation was living. I have not seen, or indeed heard of, a child in Malta whose nerves had been harmed by the continuous bombing. They all got accustomed to it and took it in their stride as part of their everyday life. They had to get used to it; because it was there all the time, not once a day, not for a short time, but several times a day for hours on end. At the worst period we had anything from ten to fifteen different raids in twenty-four hours. One day we were under raids for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four! For six months we had only ten days free of raids due to impossible weather; up to December 1942, we had over 3,000 alerts.

And beneath all this the Maltese never weakened. On the contrary, comforted by the sincere belief that their prayers would not pass un-

heeded, and strengthened by the knowledge that the cause for which they stood and fought was the only right and true cause, they developed a steadily growing reserve of courage and strength, which enabled them not only to survive all the onslaughts of the enemy, but to feel confident of pushing him away from their skies, to follow him into his own territory, and finally to overthrow him and banish the fear of aggression, hate, and violence. Their belief and confidence have not been in vain and they can now envision a new future.

The skies above Malta are now filled with the comforting sound of our own planes. The enemy no longer sends his Stukas and Junkers and Messerschmitts to sow death and destruction. The Maltese, without laying aside their arms, are rebuilding their shattered homes, and calmly looking forward to the day, now not so very very far off, when they can return once again to an unmolested life of peace and quiet. True, the skyline of every town and village has changed somewhat; true, the architectural gems which were the pride of Malta, for the most part, no longer exist, but the inhabitants intend to face this new task of replanning and rebuilding with the same fortitude and determination they have displayed throughout the war, and from the dust and ashes they will create a new Malta, as dear and as near to them as the old.

Two islanders examine the King's message conferring the George Cross on the heroic people of Malta



Maltese boy near the ruins of his home. Malta endured its terrible ordeal with cheerfulness and composure





General De Gaulle of the Fighting French greets General Eisenhower, commander of Allied forces, at a Bastille Day celebration in London

AT THE break of day, June 18, 1940, a weary French General got out of a plane in England at the Croydon airport. He was alone. He did not speak English. He was poor. In a small valise, he carried a photograph of his wife and three children, the trousers of a uniform, and three khaki shirts. That was all.

But within a few hours, General Charles de Gaulle was to receive a measure of hope. In the afternoon he saw Winston Churchill and found in him the spirit and indomitable character of a great leader which had been so lacking in France. With this man as its leader England would not capitulate. And some day, America would help too. . . . Therefore all was not lost.

Immediately, by means of the English radio, De Gaulle addressed himself to beaten, prostrate, desperate France, not to pity her or to accuse her, but to call her to arms, and to bring her back to the fight. "France has lost a battle, France has not lost a war. This war is a world war. In the name of France, I declare formally any Frenchman who has still his arms has the absolute duty to continue the resistance."

And, little by little, in spite of all

obstacles, in spite of all the tricks and lies of Vichy, a miracle was accomplished. In old airplanes, in wretched little boats, people, rich and poor, Communists and Royalists, and many priests, escaped from France. There were generals, admirals, men of much higher rank than De Gaulle, who came to place themselves under his command. In the French Empire, entire colonies rallied to his cause. A French Army and a French Navy were reconstructed and all at once re-engaged in the war under the Cross of Lorraine, embodying again the spirit of Saint Joan of Arc. These men were soon fighting almost everywhere. Through them the French Army was soon to see glory in Eritrea, in Libya, in Ethiopia, in Syria, in Egypt, and in Russia. The day finally came when this army tasted true revenge. On the thirteenth of May, 1943, in Tunisia, the victorious French forces received the capitulation of four enemy generals, 1,400 officers, and 25,000 soldiers.

Charles de Gaulle, the son of an old Catholic family of the north of France, was born in Lille in 1890. He belongs to that class of French aristocrats to whom for many centuries

De Gaulle—

works of the intellect, military life, diplomacy, or the priesthood have been family traditions and the only occupations considered worthy of a well-born man. Young Charles de Gaulle decided to be a soldier and in 1911 entered the Military School of St. Cyr, the French West Point. Completing his courses with highest honors, he had the privilege of choosing the regiment to which he was to be assigned as a lieutenant. His choice was determined by his admiration for the Commander, the future Marshal Pétain who, thirty years later, as the head of defeated France, was to condemn him to death.

The next year war broke out. During the first encounters, in August 1914, Lieutenant de Gaulle was wounded at Dinant. In 1915, after having been raised to a captaincy, he was again wounded in action. And in the course of the terrible battle of Fort de Douaumont at Verdun, he was wounded for the third time, so seriously that he was left on the battlefield to die. Enemy soldiers took De Gaulle with other prisoners into Germany, where he recovered from his wounds. He was the kind of man who considers escape the foremost duty of a prisoner, and made five unsuccessful attempts.

Freed in 1918 by the victory of the Allies, he returned to France, where he was named Commander and also professor at the Military School of Saint Cyr. In 1921 he fought in Poland under the command of General Weygand, who had been aide-de-camp to Marshal Foch and was considered one of the greatest of living generals. At the close of the campaign he awarded De Gaulle the highest military honors.

The victorious conclusion of the Russo-Polish campaign brought De Gaulle back to France, where he soon found it necessary to fight for his fundamental ideas of military doctrine. He was selected for *l'Ecole de Guerre*, a military school reserved for officers expected to be the supreme military leaders of the future. In the course of great tactical maneuvers, he commanded one of

Fighting Frenchman

By M. A. COUTURIER, O.P.

the two opposing armies. In this test, he unexpectedly applied his own theories, which were counter to the accepted official doctrines of the entire school, and won a most brilliant victory. This was a terrible scandal. The Director of *l'Ecole de Guerre*, General M., contested the real worth of the victory and refused to grant to De Gaulle the rank which he had merited. But Marshal Pétain, the highest Commander of the Army, asked for a report. After a thorough study he justified De Gaulle and named him professor of this same *Ecole de Guerre*. Pétain was personally present at De Gaulle's first lecture, and soon placed him on his own general staff.

This first conflict is highly significant. It was much more than a "school quarrel." At the age of thirty-four De Gaulle had engaged in his first battle against a combination of doctrines and military decisions which would later lead the whole of France into the great illusion of a purely defensive war—to that mirage of an invincible Maginot Line to which almost every effort, every French military activity would be consecrated. What this young officer daringly took up again—against his chiefs—was the Napoleonic idea of the definite superiority of offensive warfare and initiative over passive and motionless strategy. The German General Staff was to put this principle in action fifteen years later under its modern form of the Blitzkrieg, destroying the French Army in a few weeks.

From 1926 to 1931 De Gaulle bore the responsibility of important commands or missions in Germany with the army of occupation, in Egypt, and in Persia. In 1931 Pétain and Weygand called him to serve on the "Superior Council of National Defense," placing him at the very heart of the organization responsible for the defense of the country and for preparation for the war which already appeared to be inevitable. De Gaulle worked on the Council until the terrible summer of 1939 when war broke out again.

De Gaulle realized then that he must speak. He had to dissipate illusions and try to ward off the danger which was increasing from hour to hour on the other side of the Rhine. He then wrote the prophetic book which attests his genius, *Vers l'Armée de Métier*.

Today one picks up this book with wonder; there is in it such a vision of the future, such a certainty of anticipation that we feel like subjects of a hallucination. How could a man foresee so clearly? How could

his predictions have been ignored?

Everything which five years later contributed to the German victory and French defeat is foreseen, analyzed, described: the inefficiency and uselessness of the Maginot Line, which was then being built; the onslaught of the Germans through Belgium and Ardennes; the general strategic theory and tactical principles; the role of airplanes, armored cars, and tanks, and their relative speed, power, and co-ordination—all are foreseen with a fantastic pre-



Above: The flag of Free France with the Cross of Lorraine. Below: French leader De Gaulle reviews the "Volontaires Françaises"



cision and exactitude. De Gaulle asked for a motorized army of specialists including 100,000 men in all—and it was in fact by a German motorized army of 100,000 men that the whole of France was disorganized and defeated in 1940.

De Gaulle's foresight was not unnoticed in other lands. Philippe Barres in his excellent book, *Charles de Gaulle*, tells how he heard Colonel de Gaulle spoken of in Germany in 1934—first in Berlin by Von Ribbentrop, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who spoke of De Gaulle as "the best French technician" and asked Barres if it were true that he was so little known in his own country. Barres heard De Gaulle spoken of for the second time in Nuremberg, during a reception held by Hitler, at which Huenhlein, future head of the *National-Sozialistisches Kraftwagen-Korps* (Motorized Corps of the National Socialists) asked him, apropos of tanks and motorized units: "And how far are you in France? What is our great colleague, Colonel de Gaulle, doing?" Finally it was General Guderian himself, organizer of German armored units, who in his book *Achtung-Panzer* set down as an outstanding example the theory of De Gaulle.

I do not know if De Gaulle knew in what esteem he was then held in Germany, but he soon saw that in France he was condemned in advance by his colleagues. His book and his views were very bitterly rejected. Such things happen frequently among equals. But the great chiefs Pétain and Weygand—who had appointed him to the "Council of National Defense," who knew and esteemed him, who had everything in their power—had they understood nothing, guessed nothing?

De Gaulle did not waste his time with such personal questions. He understood that nothing could be done with the military authorities. Even the best were wrapped up in "official" theories, and so any other conceptions appeared to them adventurous and chimerical.

THEN came war. September 1939. Pitilessly, inexorably, the predictions of De Gaulle were fulfilled. In a few weeks the Polish Army was cut in pieces and annihilated. Would eyes be opened this time, and would the French General Staff finally un-

derstand? Months passed. Hitler used this precious time in perfecting tactics and armaments for Blitzkrieg, and the French Generals used it for pursuing their dreams.

Once more De Gaulle spoke. In January 1940 he addressed himself officially to the General Staff. He drew up a "memorandum" which was at the same time a terrible warning and a last offer of safety. This document, so clear, so reasonable, is today the most terrible accusation against the French General Staff. But again his efforts were in vain.

May—June 1940. This time it was the turn of the French and British Armies.

Philippe Barres, then Captain on the General Staff, recounts a poignant scene: one evening at the General Headquarters, Colonel L., overwhelmed by the tragic news from the battle fields, did not even try to maintain the morale of the young and still hopeful officers who surrounded him. Being one of those who had adhered stubbornly to the official doctrine, he was desperate. "We wished to discuss the matter," writes Barres. "He went into the next room, turned on the radio, and listened to a symphony of Beethoven as he reclined in his chair, his head back and his eyes closed. I have no memory in my whole life more harrowing than that of this face reddened from chagrin, which froze rather than give us the word of hope for which we were thirsting. We remained alone. A lieutenant said: 'You must understand his grief; his whole life's work collapses now. . . . In this disaster Charles de Gaulle triumphs.' Suddenly from the next room, above the symphony a voice was heard, the Colonel's voice. He was saying: 'Yes, he alone has understood; De Gaulle is the only one who emerges exalted from all this.'"

At this point they began to appeal to De Gaulle. On the fifteenth of May he was named General, the youngest in the French Army. He was immediately called to the General Headquarters, where they entrusted to him two of the armored divisions which he had so often advocated. In the disorder of the downfall one could do no more than hastily to organize ill-matched and mutilated units. However, his courage, his faith, and his talents are such that with these miserable means

he carried off victories at Laon and at Abbeville—the only two victories of the campaign.

Then a little hope shone again. New leaders came into power, and these were his friends. Weygand was made commander in chief, Pétain Minister, and Paul Reynaud head of the new Government. Reynaud appealed to General de Gaulle and on June 7 made him Secretary of State for the Ministry of War. But the drama continued. The men on whom he should have had some right to count failed him. Pétain and Weygand capitulated.

De Gaulle did not capitulate. As long as anyone is fighting, he will fight; and if all is lost, at least French honor will be saved.

ALL General de Gaulle has accomplished up to the present rests on two principles. The first is that France, having been *militarily* defeated, must reconstruct an army whose spirit and modern armaments will be capable of guaranteeing a *military* victory which is indispensable to the honor and the future of the nation. Secondly, because the defeat of 1940 was not only the result of military failures but also of political and social failures, it is necessary to assure to France a total renovation of her political and social life. That implies a radical transformation of political morality, activity, and personnel. For this reason De Gaulle must be not only a military but, for a time, a political leader.

In the course of three years his National Committee in London remained absolutely faithful to these two principles, and gradually the double hope which they imply is being realized.

Churchill and Roosevelt are champions of the necessary political and social renovations. In France this renovation has already begun. All that is "resisting" in imprisoned France, the whole underground movement, is unanimously of this same will. De Gaulle is the symbol and the hope of French resistance to Vichy and Nazism. Vainly his adversaries accuse him, in turn, of Fascism, of Communism, of dictatorship. In reality, he does not cease to incarnate radiantly the free will of France and the most essential and purest war aims of the Allies.

Woman to Woman

by Katherine Burton

No Need to Worry

THE LETTERS from our young soldier had been coming from various places, but always the address has been that of a camp. Then the other day came one with only his name and number and "c/o Postmaster, New York."

The letter itself was short and contained no information whatever except the fact that the writer was well, that this paper was pretty awful but it was all he could get. "I am still," he wrote, "in these United States, bless 'em, but I don't know for how long. Anyhow, don't worry, for there isn't a thing in the world to worry about."

How American that sentence is—that there isn't a thing in the world to worry about. The world as we knew it is falling to pieces about us; boys like this one who were in the middle of school or a new job and rushing about evenings in a battered jalopy to keep dates, boys who came from the hills and the valleys, the lakes and the seas of our land, are now banded together in this strange company of war. Advantages of any material sort don't count now, but there is the one outstanding fact to hearten us—that ability and decency and courage do count. "I haven't, I'm afraid, a thing to complain about," our soldier wrote earlier in his letter, and that too—that shrugging off with an "I'm afraid" is very American too.

Letters to Servicemen

BUT THE POINT of this columnist is not to set down the inner courage and outer lightheartedness in manner of our young soldiers. It is to express the hope that everyone who owns a soldier or who knows a soldier who is not owned by anyone will sit down and write letters to him, especially if his address is only "care of Postmaster."

We all know the unhappy feeling in us when a letter eagerly expected does not arrive. Imagine then how much worse when mail is distributed in a camp and there is nothing at all for some of the members.

I remember once when I was very young we moved to a town where I knew no one. Just as luck would have it we arrived the day before Valentine's Day and the next morning I learned in my new school classroom that we were going to have one of those affairs then very popular—a valentine box. There it stood on the teacher's desk, a big pasteboard affair, with hearts, lopsided but boldly drawn in red crayon, on its sides.

The last half hour of the afternoon had been allotted to the distributing, and the four chosen to do it went about their errand and carried the envelopes

proudly to their owners, as the names were called by the teacher. The little girl next to me was accumulating a sizable pile, and I was watching with deep interest, until it suddenly dawned on me that I would get none, for no one knew me. I had a big pile at home brought by the postman that morning, but all at once they were nothing at all compared with these amateur postmen's deliveries. My heart sank. The space of wood that was my desk top got wider and wider until it seemed a great empty table. Then, just as a big girl was perilously near disgracing herself by bursting into tears, I heard my name called and an important little carrier stopped at my desk. A little later she stopped again. My neighbor's pile grew bigger and bigger, but what did I care? I had two of my own.

All the valentines were of course anonymous, but I know I never once pondered that day on who had sent them to me. For after all I was only seven and no doubt the relief of getting them was too great to think about donors. I really don't think it was till much later—years perhaps—that I realized no one did know me and that it must have been the kind young teacher who put them in the box.

Homesickness Hurts

I DON'T MEAN to say I am comparing that seven year old with our soldiers, even the youngest of them. But I do think the feeling would be akin. I don't think it matters how many letters you wrote in the past and how much you feel you might as well wait until you get an actual address and be sure he gets the letters—never mind, send them along anyway. Homesickness is not a matter of years anyway. A nostalgia for home—the word *heimweh* expresses it best of all, that lovely German word which is probably outlawed now in its homeland along with every gentle, lovely thing. The word *weh* means pain or ache, and that is exactly what it is—not so much a sickness as a pain in the heart and an ache in the soul.

To the boy who wrote me the letter I quoted above I wrote especially in answer to the last sentence in it—"I have everything I need"—that I knew he had, that in the past he had not always all the material things I wanted for him, but that he had courage and a gay heart and a good brain—everything he needed, as he said. I am sending letters ahead to the anonymous address, and with nothing much in them but the pleasant facts of home and the neighborhood, the sort of things one wants most to hear about when away. I am going to do my best to live up to his advice: "Don't worry, as there isn't a thing in the world to worry about."

圓滿報身盧舍那佛

婆盧吉帝室佛羅揭跋婆



Lochana, or the ideal representation of the universal essence of Buddha, is worshipped by Chinese Buddhist monks

Duré-Kennelly S.J.

Lord Buddha

By RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

HE WAS born in a satintree grove under the shadow of the mighty Himalayas. The boy was pronounced by an eminent Brahman to have the thirty-two principal signs and the eighty secondary marks of a great man. The sight of a sore-ridden beggar drove the young man to meditation on the mystery of human suffering and death. One memorable day, while wrapt in contemplation under a fig tree, the ascetic became enlightened. He got his answer to human misery, and a new name—The Buddha—which means “the enlightened one.” Buddha rose from his contemplation to become the founder of a new and powerful religion—and a miserably false one at that. The pagan, monastic system, which is part of Buddhism, prescribes that the superiors or elders be addressed as “Lord.” Hence, “Lord Buddha.”

Buddha was an Indian Prince of the Aryan race. His personal name was Siddhartha—which means “he who attains his aim.” His family name was Gautama. The Gautama Buddha lived about five hundred years before Christ. It was the same period in history when Socrates and Plato and Aristotle in Greece were rearing those mighty palaces of thought which later housed the classroom of the West; the same time, too, that Confucius, the sage, was gathering together the traditional ideas and ideals, desires and aspirations, of the Chinese race, and forming them into a definite pattern and way of life, the good-earth, human-loving philosophy of Confucianism. It was at this time that the great voice of Lord Buddha—like a huge bell hung in the sky—made vocal the human cry of suffering millions. That voice was a revolt against human misery, a clarion call to peace and repose. Buddha’s voice took on the majesty of the massive peaks of the Himalayas across which it echoed; the sacredness of the nat-

ural sanctuaries of vast forests into which it penetrated; the mystery of the tropical rivers along which it rolled to unknown seas.

Indian mythology counts a long series of Buddhas. These enlightened ones are supposed to appear at intervals in history to make known the lost truth. So much of the fantastic and miraculous has gathered, like a halo, around Lord Buddha, that it is difficult to separate the legendary from the historic. Long centuries after the death of Buddha, pious Buddhist annalists have vied with one another in writing the life of Buddha after the pattern of the life of Christ. They revel in the edifying, miraculous virgin birth, miraculous walking over the waters, and other Buddhized versions of the miracles of Christ. In these legendary lives of Buddha, the Story of the Quail is a classic in fantasy:

One day, as Buddha was walking with his disciples in a forest, a great fire came roaring to where they stood. But when it came within fifteen rods of Buddha, it was extinguished, like a torch plunged in water. The disciples praised Buddha, but he said: “Monks, this is not due to my power but to the faith of a quail. In this very spot, long years ago, was a young quail. And there came a great jungle fire, and all the birds fled shrieking away, and even his parents deserted him. So the young quail lay there alone, and thought. He called to mind the powers of the Buddhas, and (though but a poor little quail) made a great act of faith, and said: ‘Wings I have that cannot fly, feet I have that cannot walk. My parents have forsaken me. O all-devouring fire, go back!’ Before this act of faith, the fire dropped and died. And because of the faith of this quail, fire dies forever whenever it touches this spot. My parents at that time,” continued Buddha, “were my present parents. And I myself was the quail.”

Little wonder that some historians, like Professor Wilson of Oxford, maintain that the supposed life of Buddha was a myth. No one today, of course, would support this view. Under the mass of miraculous tales, lies a historic Buddha. He is the flesh-and-blood Buddha of this article: The Gautama Buddha.

The Gautama Buddha was undoubtedly a good and great man. In his long and remarkable life there are four happenings which in the perspective of history have taken on the importance and proportions of great historic events. Buddhist historians term them: The Great Nativity, The Great Renunciation, The Great Enlightenment, and The Great Demise. The long and active career of Buddha centers about these four events. Curiously enough, a tree, like a milestone along the road of Buddha’s life, marks the spot of each of these historic happenings.

India was in turmoil. The caste system held the whole nation in its iron grip. The Aryan tribes had long been settled on the banks of the Ganges. The pride of race (“Aryan” means noble) had put an impassable barrier between them and the conquered aborigines. The pride of birth had built up another caste between the chiefs or nobles, and the mass of the Aryan people. The exigencies of occupation and family ties further separated each class into smaller communities. And all yielded to the fear and superstitions of a pagan religion with its closed Brahman (pagan priests) caste.

The country was politically split up into little kingdoms, each governed by some petty, warring rajah. The philosophy and religion of the day had lost its spiritual immortality and hope; it offered a meaningless pantheism with its fatalistic transmigration of souls. Social disorder and human misery abounded. This is a picture of India five hundred years before Christ. I cannot resist

the thought that it also describes the India of today. Be that as it may, into this sorry picture our Gautama Buddha was born.

LORD BUDDHA was the son of a petty rajah who ruled a miniature principality in northern India. The king, Buddha's father, had frequently quarrelled with a neighboring tribe over water supplies from the river, and as a peace-offering the two daughters of the neighboring rajah had become his principal wives.

Both were childless. However, the elder sister, Mahamaya, in the forty-fifth year of her age promised her husband a son. There was great rejoicing. She must return to her father's palace for the great event.

Mahamaya started for her parents' home, but the party halted on the way, under the shade of a lofty satin-tree. And there the future Buddha was unexpectedly born. Indian mythology has surrounded this event with marvelous stories of miraculous birth. The legend of how Nature altered her course to keep a shadow over the cradle of the future Buddha rivals the Chinese tale about the mother of Confucius, who, as she climbed the sacred mountain to pray for a son (the future Sage of China), saw the leaves of the trees all stand upright, and on her return, they bowed low. Buddha's birth is called The Great Nativity.

That shadow under which Buddha was born seems to have beclouded his whole life. Pensive of disposition, he was fond of retirement. His father, the king, insisted upon his marriage in order to defeat a Brahminical prophecy that he would abdicate the throne to become an ascetic. At the age of twenty, Siddhartha (that is Buddha's personal name) married his cousin. It seems, for a spell, the young prince gave himself up to Oriental luxury in the three palaces his father had built for him. But this did not satisfy him; we find him a prey to deep unhappiness. His only child he named Rahula, which means "a fetter." His father, terrified at his melancholy, commanded that the triple secret of disease, old age, and death, should be hidden from him; he feared that such knowledge would drive the youth to the passion of the ascetic for solitude.

It is related that one day, while the young prince was driving to his pleasure ground, he was struck by the sight of a decrepit old man, on another occasion by the sight of a sore-ridden beggar, and some months after by the horrible sight of a decomposing corpse. Then he knew the truth about human misery. Everywhere he turned, he saw suffering and sorrow. He saw farmers, young and old, struggling for a starving existence—their bodies bent, wet hair falling about haggard faces, fouled with mud and dust. Even the plowing oxen tortured his heart—their lolling tongues and panting breath, the whip and goad indenting smooth flanks until blood ran. His happiness was poisoned. Life became a nightmare of injustice and horror to him.

The future Buddha made his decision. He would become a monk, an ascetic. He would leave home, retire to the solitude of wooded caves, and there in meditation find the lost truth, discover a deliverance from suffering, a salvation from human misery.

The king was in agony. He pleaded with Siddhartha, promising him the wealth of the realm—all to no avail. Then the king changed his tactics. The prince must be prevented by force from taking flight. The elders of the kingdom were convoked; the palace was surrounded with guards. All to no purpose. With the aid of a trusted confidant, the prince escaped from the palace at midnight.

The scene of his departure from his beautiful and devoted wife is an epic of all that is beautiful and human. This touching story tells of his entering the little marble chamber where his wife slept with her child. Twice he stretched out his arms to clasp her and the child, and twice withdrew them lest he should awaken her. Then the father went forth, leaving the two sleeping.

He rode through the night. When the morning broke, he dismounted, stripped himself of his royal ornaments, and dismissed his horse and servant. With his jeweled sword, he cut off the knot of hair which marked him as an Aryan of high birth. At this point, a hunter passed; Siddhartha changed his robes made of finest silk with the huntsman who was clad in deerskin. In this guise,

the future Buddha crossed the Ganges, and making his way to the forest, parted the boughs with his hands, and passed into solitude. He was about thirty years old at this time. This scene in the life of Buddha is called The Great Renunciation.

Seven days the Prince spent alone beneath the shade of a mango grove. Legendary history tells how Mira, the great tempter, appeared in the sky, and urged the future Buddha to stop, promising him a universal kingdom over the four continents, but in vain. This Burmese legend adds that as a shadow always follows the body, so the great tempter followed Buddha from that day until his death. The prince then betook himself to a hillside cave where the great Brahman solitaires held forth. He became a disciple of the hermit Alara, whose reputation was great in all India. But after studying Brahman doctrine for some years it became clear to the future Buddha that salvation from suffering did not lie in the Hindu teachings of the transmigration of souls, with its wanderings through endless births and deaths (the poor little quail, the plowing ox with lolling tongue and panting breath, the sore-ridden beggar).

He withdrew publicly from the Brahman divines, five of whose disciples accompanied him. The prince-ascetic then indulged in the practice of severe austerities. For six long years he gave himself over to meditation, silence, and hunger. He himself tells us that a crab-apple and a single grain of rice was his daily food. He finally concluded that the practice of mortification and austerities does not yield the answer to the mystery of suffering, does not lead the soul to the supreme knowledge. Straightway he indulged in a healthy meal. His five disciples were scandalized, and they left him.

THE moment of ecstasy had come. The future Buddha felt a strange elation and purpose swelling within him, like a great river in spate. With steadfast step, he walked toward a noble tree by the river. From a man cutting grass for his cattle, he begged an armful of pliant grass. And spreading the grass beneath the fig tree, he seated himself with folded arms and feet. He re-

solved never to leave this sacred spot (which later was to become the most venerated of all places of pilgrimage in India) until he had entered upon enlightenment. The night came softly down and veiled him from the sight of men. Through the night the prince-ascetic was wrapt in contemplation. Some Buddhist historians say it was a night of terror and temptation. Delirious dreams and delusions fell thick as snow about him. But he clung to his purpose, as a great ship plows her way through tempest and tossing billows.

Then came the calm. In lotus posture, he remained motionless for a day and a night. And with the beat of drums in the thinning darkness, the dawn of light burst upon him: perfect wisdom was his; he had found the lost truth—"he who attains his aim," had reached the Nirvana. Siddhartha Gautama, the prince ascetic, had become The Buddha—the Enlightened One.

The Gautama Buddha rose from his rendezvous with Nirvana with profound conviction that he had mastered the remedy for human pain. Buddha was now nearly forty years old. This scene of Buddha sitting under the fig tree (later known as the tree of wisdom) in contemplation, is called The Great Enlightenment.

It is remarkable that a man not of the Brahman caste (pagan priesthood) could break through the irregular orders of the closed caste system into the career of a religious teacher. Buddha was an Indian of the warrior caste. The fact is, he became not only a so-called religious teacher, but the greatest in all pagan history. Buddha had spent ten years searching for the answer to human suffering. He had studied Brahmanical asceticism, and found it lacking; led the hard life of penance and austerity, and still he was not satisfied. Then he went in for contemplation; he claims that he was enlightened, had found the remedy for human pain in his doctrine of nirvana. What is nirvana?

The question of nirvana reminds me of the story told about an eminent Hindu mystic. He was explaining to his wife the Brahman doctrine about pantheism and absorption into the all-god Brahma. Notic-

ing that a few wrinkles of doubt ruffled his wife's otherwise placid brow, he asked her: "Don't you understand, dear?" And the good woman answered with hearty candor: "Understand? Why I'm utterly confused!"

Nirvana is the extinction of all desires and pain; it brings peace and repose. For the living, it is a state of calm repose, indifference to life and death, to pleasures and pain, a state of imperturbable tranquillity. For the dead, it means eternal, unconscious repose. Does this mean annihilation within the four walls of a coffin? Buddha on direct questioning, refused to answer this question, on the grounds that it was not conducive to peace and enlightenment. His intimate disciples held the same view: they said the subject was wrapped in impenetrable mystery. The word itself means "a blowout."

Whatever the mysterious nirvana means, to the popular Hindu mind it spells a release from suffering, a haven of peace and repose. To arrive at this nirvana of peace, Buddha laid down a high code of morality. Buddha formed his disciples into communities of monks, leading a contemplative life of poverty, celibacy, and self-denial. Communities of nuns were formed also. Buddha did not advocate social reform; he ignored the caste system. He drew his followers from all classes of life: virtue alone constituted superiority. The "perfect" are those sainted ones who on the way to Buddhahood, were venerated as Bodhisattva. Hence the pantheon of Buddhist saints.

Buddha's popular appeal was his love for the suffering. His whole religio-monastic system was directed (though erroneously) toward man's deep desire for peace. Buddha preached his nirvana of peace throughout India for forty years, and with great success. His monastic order grew to huge proportions. Buddhism spilled over the other side of the Himalayas into Tibet, Siam, Burma, Indo-China, China, and Japan. Today one-third of the human race are said to be Buddhists. This is the bunk that comes from armchair historians. In the opinion of the more experienced and competent authorities three hundred million would be a generous estimate of professing Buddhists.

THE history of Buddha seems to have a resemblance to the life of Christ. The Gospel stories of Christ, circulated by early Christians in India, were used by Buddhist historians of a date later than the Gospels, to enrich the Buddha legend. This is much like the Brahman doctrine of the Trinity, which idea was evolved some seven centuries after Christ. The Brahman religion had split up into three principal sects, the Vishnuites, the Shilvaites, and the Brahmanites; each held out for the divinity of its god. So they compromised. Why not have three gods? Vishnu, Shilva, and Brahma. This is the Brahman Trinity of the all-god Brahma.

Buddhism could never become the religion of enlightened humanity. Too much foolishness; it is full of errors. The very foundation upon which Buddhism is built, the doctrine of Karma, with implied transmigration of souls, is in contradiction to the laws of nature; an entirely gratuitous assumption. Another fatal defect of Buddhism is its false pessimism. A strong and healthy mind revolts against the morbid view that existence is a curse, all desires evil, and that life is not worth living. Even the voice of nature, with its dominant tone of life, growth, and joy; the natural desires and aspirations and hopes of the human heart—all cry out against a philosophy of black despair. Nature's law of survival, and the life of all living, condemn Buddha's teaching on marriage with its logical conclusion: the suicide of the human race.

The history of human society, which down the ages has not thought it below its dignity to work hard for a living, rises up against a doctrine that manual labor is evil and below human dignity. Buddhism hangs over society like a black, lethal cloud. The whole truth is that Buddhism is a thinly veiled atheism; a pagan religion without even a god. It is not a religion; it is a philosophy of pessimism—a spiritual pessimism. Even though it rises into the high realms of pagan mysticism it still remains human, like Buddha.

The "three saints of China," Lao-tze, Master Kung, and Lord Buddha loom huge and high on the horizon of Asia. Their broad and bulky figures have blocked out for ages the distant mountain of God.

Death in Line of Duty

By SISTER ST. ANGELA

OUR ranks are broken—our first Sister Missionary has left us for heaven. Sister Mary Daniel O'Connor died of typhus last Sunday, May 9th. God asked of her the sacrifice of double exile; she died far away from her native Canada and far away from the home she so loved in China. God asked the double sacrifice and He crowned her offering with the beautiful death of a martyr of charity.

One year ago, the Japanese invasion of Lishui forced us to leave our Chekiang home and join the great army of refugees who sought safety in more peaceful provinces. It was not a pleasant experience to find ourselves at "the front," with little or no means of getting behind the lines. It took time to cover the road between Lishui and our neighboring province of Fukien. There, the American Dominican Sisters graciously opened their convent to us, but war clouds followed and bombs rained down on that little Fukien town and we had to move farther inland.

After months of traveling by truck, sampan, on foot, and even by train, after nights spent out in the open and days under a scorching summer sun, after hours of terror when enemy planes covered our path, we finally reached Hengyang. There we found Bishop O'Gara, recently released from Hong Kong, recuperating in the Mission Hospital. Hearing of our plight he immediately offered us a home in his Mission.

Sister Mary Daniel was assigned to visiting the sick poor, a work not new to her. Since coming to China in 1931, all of Sister's twelve years as a Missionary had been spent amongst the poor and the sick of Lishui. The poor, especially the women and babies, were her favorites; they knew it and took advantage of it. Every morning found her at her post in the women's dispensary. We used to marvel at her

patience and endurance, especially during the hot summer months when she was daily stormed by an army of anxious mothers and sick babies. The number never seemed to alarm her and when she closed the door on the last patient she would open it later to go down the street to see some poor old lady who just did not get around to the dispensary that day.

Her rounds with the sick finished, she turned her attention to the convent. The garden was her hobby; she collected seeds from everywhere and coaxed them to life—flowers for the altar and vegetables for the table, fruits for her jam jars and even walnuts for her cakes.

She was always eager to prepare the feast-day dinners, but she gloried in planning the first dinner of the new missionaries. For months before a band of new arrivals landed in Lishui she would be scheming surprises for them. She would have a little patch of lettuce growing just in time for the invasion of the new Canadian recruits, and she would have "salted away" as she used to say, her special grape jelly and odds and ends that, to her mind, were essentials to a dinner worthy of Canada's latest gift to the Mission field.

Yes, Lishui without Sister Mary Daniel is going to be different—she was part and parcel of it, she loved it. Forced to flee from it she was resigned to life in another field. It was still China and she found the same work awaiting her in Yüanling which she left behind in Lishui. Every day she combed the ways and byways for the sick and dying, and during her five months in Yüanling, she had the happiness of baptizing many of her "almond-eyed pets," as she called her baby patients.

On April thirtieth, after finishing her morning calls, she came home with the intention of resuming them in the afternoon—but Sister Mary Daniel had made her last sick call.

That afternoon she suddenly took sick with a temperature of 103°. Everything possible was done for her to lessen the temperature, but to no avail. She was then taken to the hospital where the best of medical and nursing care were given but she did not respond. On May fifth she was anointed as all hope for her recovery had been given up. She burned up with the fever that was consuming her; she could not even retain a drop of water, yet never did a murmur escape her lips. When we told her she was dying, she just smiled and said, "Yes Sisters, I am dying for the Chinese." After ten days of prayer and suffering, she peacefully gave her soul back to God. There was no agony, no struggle. We were all at her bedside; the priests, the Sisters of Charity, and ourselves, and we prayed that our death would be as beautiful, as quiet as hers. It was Sunday, the day of rest.

Sister was buried on Tuesday, May eleventh. Father Hudswell, assisted by Father McGrey as deacon, and Father Quentin as sub-deacon, sang the funeral Mass. Father Paul, the Vicar Delegate, preached a beautiful sermon.

Sister has the privilege of being buried at the feet of one of the martyred Passionists, between the graves of the late Sisters Electa and Catherine Gabriel of the Sisters of Charity. At the graveside Father Hudswell said the prayers and while the coffin was being lowered, the priests and seminarians sang the Benedictus.

Sister Mary Daniel leaves to mourn her loss four sisters and a brother. One sister is the Reverend Mother Patrick, I.B.V.M. of Chicago. Another sister, Sister Catherine of Sienna of the Grey Sisters, predeceased her several years ago. Sister Mary Daniel also leaves six Sister missionaries, who, though resigned to God's Will, still feel the loss of her delightful companionship.

Progress or Progression?

By MICHAEL KENT

IN THE years of peace preceding the first World War, most people sincerely believed that the world was getting better. The improvement, inaugurated by the Reformation, had continued steadily ever since. The catastrophe of 1914 forced many optimists to relinquish or qualify this opinion, but the more cheerful among them clung to the illusion, and carried it over into the interval between the two wars. To cynics who challenged their position, they replied with a triumphant recital of such fortunate circumstances as made the lot of one living in the twentieth century enviable beyond that of all previous generations.

Anesthetics, they pointed out, relieve pain. Education is compulsory. Suffrage is universal. Autocracy and tyranny have been replaced by democracy. Wages and living conditions generally are such that laborers may now enjoy comforts and luxuries unknown to the rich in former centuries. Advances in medical science have eliminated epidemics, cured hitherto incurable diseases, reduced infant mortality, increased the average span of life, and brought all disease largely under control. Transportation to great distances can be accomplished at incredible speed. Religious tyranny, with its accompanying persecutions, is a thing of the past. Criminals are no longer tortured or publicly executed. Suffering has been reduced to a minimum. If progress continues at its present rate, it is not too much to expect that poverty and pain may be eliminated from human experience altogether, to be replaced by well-nigh universal security and well-being.

In this general chorus of cheer, more somber voices occasionally made themselves heard. Prophets of doom were not wanting who pointed to seeds of decay in our social order. From these they predicted the decline and collapse of Western Civilization. This minority of pessimists was silenced, however, by the overwhelming array of evidence produced by the optimists to defend their contention that the modern, streamlined, emancipated twentieth century is a brighter, pleasanter, altogether more agreeable time in which to live than any previous period in history.

Nor was this optimism limited to the uninformed. The intellectuals also assured us that the improvement was genuine and would continue. Textbooks and treatises published on the eve of the last war glow with bright promises already half fulfilled: "The Great



Powers of Europe (Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Italy) now make a practice of acting together in all important international concerns. Their action is not usually registered in public treaties; none the less, through their joint understandings, embodied in diplomatic notes and other communications, they have in recent years largely ruled Europe, and have regulated European interests in Africa and Asia. In its international relations this is the most signal feature of the present age. It foreshadows, perhaps—no matter how remotely—the formation of a new World State, in which all great questions will be treated in international congresses, and disputes between nations will be settled by diplomacy and arbitration instead of by the sword. An important step in this direction has more recently been taken in the Hague Peace Conferences." (Samuel Harding: *Medieval & Modern History*).

The cause of peace is further advanced by increased use of the airplane: "The conquest of the air will lead to 'the emergence of humanity from the insularity of nationalism to the broad view of cosmopolitanism'—an end to which the Hague Conferences and other influences are already tending."

Not only war, but poverty is on the verge of total disappearance: "In manifold ways governments are

seeking to combat the misery arising from the appalling poverty of the poor in our great cities. The more hopeful statesmen, indeed, look forward (with Lloyd George of England) to a time 'when poverty with its wretchedness and squalor will be as remote from the people as the wolves which once infested the forests.'

The conquest of disease is likewise shortly to be expected: "Medical progress in recent years is so great that we may look forward with confidence to a time when man's war on all contagious diseases will be as successful as his battle with yellow fever in Cuba." (All quotations from Harding). Another generation or so will see the consummation of these hopes and finish what remains to be done toward ridding the world of the triple scourges of war, poverty, and disease.

In these blithe prophecies there is no hint that 1914 would bring the worst war, 1919 the third worst epidemic, and 1929 the worst general depression in all history.

Fallacies die hard. The twentieth century had become identified with progress, and not even these major catastrophes could shake the popular conviction that the world was getting better; that it was, indeed, better than at any time in the past, and especially better than during the Middle Ages—that period which conveniently serves as an *exemplum horrendum* of the evils of social, political, and religious tyranny from which we fortunate moderns are so happily emancipated.

In spite of war, epidemics, and unemployment, for another generation our faith in progress remained unshaken. It was not that we were on the wrong road, but simply that we had not gone far enough along the right one. Not a change of direction, but further and more rapid advance in the same direction, was needed. Continued progress in science and invention, more general education, more thorough emancipation from the repressions and stern moralities of the past—in a word, more liberty and enlightenment—would usher in the better world and the new day which the first World War had merely postponed but could not prevent.

Textbooks published in the interval between the two wars continue the same pitiful optimism of the earlier works. We are assured by one authority that "the treaties signed (at the Disarmament Conference) promise to inaugurate a new era of international comity and good will. In President Harding's words, 'The torches of understanding have been lighted, and they ought to glow and encircle the world.'" On the occasion of Germany's admission to the League of Nations, in 1926, Briand, as quoted by another text, makes up in eloquence what he lacks in farsightedness: "Is it not a moving spectacle, and a specially ennobling and comforting one, when we think that only a few years after the most frightful war which ever devastated the world . . . the same peoples who were hurled in combat against each other are meeting in this peaceful assembly . . . to collaborate in the work of world peace?" Like the Hague Conferences, the Locarno Treaty is now hailed with rejoicing as "another milestone toward universal peace."

These naïve conclusions of the intellectuals before and after the first World War, and the serene credulity with which they were accepted, wring from us now wry laughter. For "only a few years" after Briand's untimely

effusions, "the most frightful war which ever devastated the world" is followed by another, more extensive and more frightful still; the people who met in that "peaceful assembly to collaborate in the work of world peace" are again "hurled in combat against each other" in both hemispheres. Not the torches of understanding, but incendiary bombs have been lighted, and they do indeed glow and encircle the world.

IN this repetition after the first World War of the same nonsense uttered by statesmen and historians before it, and followed by a second and greater catastrophe, we have a tragic pattern twice repeated. Nor is there at present any reason to suppose that it will not be repeated a third time. It is indeed only too easy to foresee another round of conferences and councils, of pacts and treaties, of yet greater discoveries in medicine and invention, of new experiments in emancipation, all heralding a new and better day and accompanied by the usual predictions to that effect, and followed, as soon as the rubbish is cleared away and a new generation made eligible for slaughter, by a third and still greater disaster. For we have made ample trial of social programs and scientific progress, of discoveries and inventions, comforts and luxuries, airplanes and anesthetics, education and suffrage, liberty and enlightenment, world courts and disarmament conferences, moral and spiritual emancipations—and have found them wanting.

In assuming that, because people could move about more rapidly and live more comfortably in the twentieth century than in previous ages, the world was getting better, the optimists were guilty of a *non sequitur* which the intellectuals at least should have avoided. They fell into a confusion of terms which extended to a confusion of values as well. Because a man can travel faster in an airplane than an oxcart, it does not follow that he is a better man or that the purpose of his journey is benevolent. The airplane can carry food and medicine to victims of disaster in remote localities in record time; it can save lives that would otherwise be lost. It can also carry bombs to distant places in record time; it can take lives that would otherwise be safe. The fact that it travels more rapidly than a train or a horse or a man does not mean that it will be used to rescue victims and not to create them.

The optimistic majority based their optimism on this assumption. They made a false identification between scientific and spiritual, between moral and material progress. The pessimistic minority, even before the second World War, did not hesitate to call attention to symptoms of disease in the social order which the optimists refused to take seriously: lynchings and public eagerness to witness them; share croppers; the Negro problem; gangs; graft; murders; the automobile death rate, claiming in a single year more than ten times as many victims as the Spanish Inquisition has to its discredit in its entire history; and so on. Simply to read a newspaper, with a fresh eye, was to be given a glimpse of conditions which would have stunned and horrified a stranger to the modern world. The fact that several million readers took their daily fare of murders, brutalities, fires, accidents, political and social scandal as a matter of course, without revulsion or even astonish-

ment, is sufficient proof of the decadence of a society in which such items had become so familiar that they shocked no one.

In history, vice and cruelty are barbarism. In the daily papers, they are news items, nothing more. If they do not actually increase progress, neither do they retard it. While comfort, speed, and security remain, the world is getting better.

In what then, does progress consist?

If in a humanitarian regard for the unfortunate, then we need only refer to the unconscious tribute of an anti-Catholic historian to a design for living which consciously he condemned. Mr. W. H. Hudson hates the Catholic Church but has only praise for St. Louis, one of that Church's most illustrious sons: "His piety had a practical side, which was highly characteristic of the Middle Ages, in the attention which he constantly gave to the poor and sick." (W. H. Hudson: *France, the Nation and its Development*.) This is echoed in another tribute to the same period by another writer, who also praises where he means to blame: "Since the decay, dating from the time of the Reformation, of the charitable institutions of the medieval church, governments have usually recognized their obligations to care for the aged and infirm poor." (Harding)

If progress lies in the elimination of poverty, the Middle Ages in spite of their barbarism were at least spared the problem of unemployment: "Every great estate or 'manor' was self-supporting to a surprising extent. Ale was home-brewed; wool was spun and cloth woven in the household; and the village blacksmith and carpenter performed the services beyond the powers of the household circle. . . . The condition of the peasant in the thirteenth century was not so bad as it became in later times. He was assured of a rude plenty, for his possession of land saved him from the grinding poverty which today is the lot of the unemployed." (Harding)

If the abolition of public execution of criminals be progress, that deplorable practice has been replaced by public execution of the innocent. The grim punishment reserved for persistent heretics in the Middle Ages, the chief heretical nations are now busy inflicting on each other. The bombing plane does not choose its victims according to age, sex, occupation, or past misdeeds; all stand an equal chance of being killed by this machine which, *per se*, was to have brought mutual understanding and accord among nations.

If progress consists in the elimination of pain, there has been more anguish and torture, more intense and widespread suffering so far in the twentieth century than in any other two or three centuries put together. And that is a conservative estimate. Casualties and victims of war and disaster were reckoned by the thousands in the past. In the last war and in this, they are counted in millions.

No optimist can gainsay these figures. Nor will he be inclined to do so. He has lost much of his optimism because he has lost his own conviction of safety. As long as disasters happen to someone else the world is still getting better. When his own comfort and security are threatened, then matters have changed for the worse and something should be done about it.

For this reason the optimist is beginning to wonder

whether the pessimists were altogether mistaken. He is no longer sure that all is right with the best of all possible worlds. It occurs to him that our social and political order is not the most satisfactory that can be tried. Perhaps it is not even the most satisfactory that has been tried. He admits that something more than airplanes and rhetoric is needed to establish lasting peace and usher in the brotherhood of man.

There are, indeed, no more optimists. Their Utopia has ended in a shambles, and their optimism with it. Twice within the memory of people who are still young, the system of balanced equilibrium has lost its balance and precipitated the nations poised on it into ruin. The former champions of that system are now united in condemning it. Those who were nationalists until recently, now plead for internationalism: for some welding force or influence more effective than airplanes and speeches, less precarious than the balance of power, more binding than treaties which last only as long as they are not needed—that is, until one or more of the contracting parties becomes powerful enough to tear them up.

There is, indeed, a strange unanimity in these voices crying out today upon the system which yesterday they upheld and applauded. Mr. Jan Masaryk, writing in the *New York Times*, issues a call to unity echoed in the hearts of all: "We are all paying the price of our past mistakes. *Europe must find a common denominator on a much higher plane than geographic frontiers or self-centered nationalism.*"

The answer lies not in the future, but in the past. Europe had such a "common denominator," and lost it. Protestant historians have told us where to look for it: "The church furnished a bond of union between European peoples." (Harding). The Church was a great "international state," a "world institution." It underlay the "medieval conception of universal empire," destroyed, not by any political conqueror or ruler, but by Martin Luther. These same authorities have left us in no possible doubt that the Reformation which ended the religious unity of Europe, ended also the political unity essential for lasting peace.

Impelled by disaster, we are seeking a basis for political unity among the nations, without, however, restoring the spiritual unity which was its foundation.

This is a pleasant dream, but a vain one. It simply cannot be done. The "inevitable" progress toward peace, inaugurated by the Hague Conferences and confidently predicted by Mr. Root, has proved a tragic and grotesque illusion. Not his prophecy, but that of Hilaire Belloc, is in the process of fulfillment: "Europe must return to the faith or she will perish." Europe has not returned to the faith, and she is perishing.

Political unity in the face of spiritual division has been repeatedly attempted and proved impossible. Until the latter is healed, world conflicts of increasing magnitude remain inevitable. The single hope for lasting peace is the restoration of spiritual unity which is the sole basis for peace. This will succeed, and this only. From the testimony of Protestant historians as to the cause of our world conflicts, we may predict with all the confidence of Mr. Root, and with far more reason, that apart from a return to spiritual unity, there can be no enduring peace.

Crowded Hour

By COURTENAY SAVAGE



"I wasn't thinking of the column," Kate said. "Are you going to marry him before he leaves?"

THE clock on St. Margaret's was striking five as Jimmy hurled himself into Martha's office, waving the telegram. Startled, the girl stopped her typewriter in mid-word and rose, her long slender hand trembling as she reached for the yellow sheet.

"Jimmy, it's come!" was what she said, but the thought that filled her heart-sinking ache was, "Now I'll have to tell him we can't be married at once." She paused, not looking up.

Jimmy was too excited to notice the bewilderment that momentarily clouded Martha's dark eyes. Grinning like a small boy with a new four-blade knife, he put his arm about her shoulder while she studied the message.

"Captain James Thomas Boyle," she said slowly as she read the War Department's notification of Jimmy's commission.

"That's me," he was very gay, "and if you notice, it says I don't

have to be in Miami until the third."

She studied the desk calendar. "That's twelve days from now."

"Yep, twelve whole days and I know just how to spend them. Can you clean up your work in an hour?"

Martha looked at the notes on her desk. "Easily. All I have to finish tonight is this story of the Drake wedding. The rest of the stuff is for my Sunday column."

"Then I'll tell the boss he's minus a reporter, see the cashier, and meet

you for supper at Ma Hennessy's in an hour." He paused, grinned again, and added, rather soberly, "Don't be late, we've got a lot to talk over—the rest of our lives to plan."

Martha did not answer.

She let Jimmy take the telegram from her nerveless fingers, but as his strong hand touched hers a sudden flash of pain overwhelmed her, misting her eyes with quick tears. Jimmy thought he understood. "I love you, kid," he whispered. Then he was gone, leaving her weak, shaken.

Martha sank to the protection of her chair, propped her elbows on the desk and buried her face in her palms.

"Hang Hitler and all the rest of his crew," she thought. Why couldn't it be a nice quiet world without heartbreaking decisions? She had known for weeks that sooner or later she would have to tell Jimmy it would be better to wait, and night after night she had wakened to feverish wonderings if she was doing the right thing. She loved Jimmy, there was no question about that, and if there had been no war there would have been no problem.

But there *was* a war, and after long agonizing consideration Martha felt it would be better not to marry at once. That was what Jimmy wanted, dear, impetuous Jimmy who talked of the fun they'd have during his leaves from officer's training school.

"This isn't the time to think of fun," Martha had told herself. It was a time to be calm and practical. She realized that if she married Jimmy at once she would have a few ecstatic days before Miami, then excited weeks of living close to a training camp.

After that?

Leaning heavily on her desk she pressed her palms against her forehead. After that, she told herself once again, was a vastly uncertain future.

"I do love you, Jimmy, I do," she whispered fiercely, almost prayerfully. "And when you come back—" the words ended in a sob.

Minutes passed. Then with a sudden resolution Martha blew her nose and squared her shoulders. She had a job to finish, so she typed three more paragraphs about the fashionable Drake wedding, read her complete story for final corrections, and

After all, Martha thought, there was a war, and that should make a change in one's marriage plans

threw it in the tray for the copy boy.

After that she gathered up her hat and purse and went toward the washroom. What she wished for right now was someone to talk to, someone who would realize why she was going to tell Jimmy their marriage would have to wait. Slowly, unhappily, Martha went down the long corridor, glancing in at open doors, wondering if there was anyone who would be able to understand.

Toward the end of the hall she passed Kate Mason's room, and noticed that Kate was at her desk. She went six or eight paces beyond the door, then stopped. Martha didn't like Kate; to her the older woman was just a prying, middle-aged battle-axe who wrote one of the more heartless, and therefore more successful, gossip columns. Martha remembered, as she stood there, that Jimmy called Kate the "diamond dame,"—not only because she wore too many jewels, but because he felt Kate would cut her way through plate glass, or a heart, to get the inside facts of a choice scandal.

Still, Martha debated, Kate, with all her worldly sophistication, might be the one person on the staff who could offer sympathy.

For a full minute she hesitated, then decided not to talk with Kate. With a sigh, she went on toward the washroom.

She was standing before the mirror, lipstick in hand and thoughts far away, when she heard the door open. She glanced up and saw it was Kate. Almost guiltily she started to make up her mouth, but half way through the process she turned.

Kate had come part way across the room and was studying Martha with a frankly quizzical gaze. For what seemed minutes they regarded one another—the hard-featured, ultra-dressed woman and the girl whose beauty was still soft with youth.

"You almost stopped to talk with me, didn't you?" Kate said finally. "What's on your mind?"

"Why—why nothing." Martha tried to be casual.

The older woman's expression did not change. "I heard Jimmy's com-

mission came through. Are you going to marry him before he leaves?" she asked, unemotionally.

Martha turned to her mirror and tried to go on with her lips. "You don't want to print anything about us in your column," she said, fighting for time.

"I wasn't thinking of the column," Kate came a step closer. "Are you going to marry him before he leaves?"

Martha felt as if she were on trial. Felt, too, that there would be no use in hedging the question. "I don't think so," she said, making a great effort to sound calm.

"Don't you love him after all?" the older woman demanded sharply. "It's been Jimmy and Martha for a year, and I thought—"

"I love him very much," Martha interrupted quickly, defensively.

Again they studied one another, and it seemed to Martha that she could see little lines of bitterness etching themselves about Kate Mason's mouth.

"You love him, but you're playing safe," Kate said finally and in a tone that revealed nothing.

Martha felt more puzzled than angry. "Playing safe?" she asked.

"I can tell you every argument you've invented for yourself during the past few weeks." Kate hesitated, almost as if she were trying to remember a conversation. "You said you loved Jimmy, and that you'd miss him, but you also reminded yourself you weren't going to be swept away like a half-baked girl who'd fallen for a soldier she'd met at a service club dance."

Martha drew a long breath, wondering why Kate was talking like this. She wished she knew if Kate was scolding, or agreeing that Martha was right. "I—I tried to be practical," she said, hesitantly.

Kate laughed, mirthlessly. "I'll bet you did," she snapped. "You figured that if you married Jimmy you might have a few thrilling weeks before he was shipped overseas, but that after those weeks," she slowed her words as if to emphasize them, "after that you'd be Mrs. Boyle, and very likely out of circulation."

Martha no longer had any doubt as to Kate's attitude. She felt her indignation rising, and with a quick move replaced her compact and lipstick in her purse, hoping the gesture would end the conversation.

But Kate kept on. "You were practical, all right." The older woman's words had a mocking quality that stung. "You thought of how you were nicely started on your career, and realized that if Jimmy didn't come back you *might* have the burden of bringing up his child alone."

Martha let her purse fall to the dressing table. What right had Kate to echo all Martha's agonizing thoughts? She started to voice her resentment, but she felt unwanted tears on her lashes. She wasn't going to cry, not in front of this vicious-tongued woman who had no heart, so she grabbed at her hat and purse and started for the door.

Kate stopped her, taking her by the arm. "Wait a minute," the mocking note was gone, in its place there was an almost tender quality that arrested Martha's attention. "You don't like me, you wouldn't want to become a woman such as I am."

Martha waited, more puzzled than ever.

"Don't you want to learn how I know what you've been thinking these past weeks? Martha," she faltered, "I know because—because they were all the things I told myself in nineteen-seventeen."

"Nineteen-seventeen? You mean you were in love with someone who went off to the last war—"

"I was in love with a fellow named Paul Tyler—but I decided not to marry him until he came back."

"And he didn't. Oh, Kate—" Suddenly, as if a curtain had been lifted, Martha saw Kate, not as a flip wisecracking "diamond dame" who knew all the answers, but as a woman who had stumbled through life, finding it empty.

Kate nodded, dry-eyed, as if there were no more tears for her to shed. "I played safe all right, but that only made it harder when they brought me news that Paul was dead." She paused, and when she spoke again it was as if she were thinking aloud. "I might have had a son, it would have been tough being both mother and wage earner—but I'd have had something to live for.

"I've watched you and Jimmy for

GRACE SUFFICIENT

By Clifford J. Laube

He who seeks and has prayed
For a love without lust,
For a heart unafraid
And a star he can trust
When the figureheads fade
In the darkness and dust,

Insofar as his prayer
(Linking purpose to thought)
Puts his dream to the dare,
Though he reckon it not,
Has the strength he would share
And the lodestar he sought.

SACERDOS

By Sister Mary St. Virginia, B.V.M.

Arise, let us go hence. This upper room
Is far too small to hold your heart and mine.
Sharing a secret now of bread and wine,
Let us walk swiftly—past the city's gloom—
Across the Cedron. Where the olives bloom,
Suffering will ease the love of branch and vine;
Across the Cedron suffering will sign
The chalice I shall take and shall consume.
There is your priesthood's chalice. On your knees
Put out your clean white hands and bow your head:
The hour is come. Beneath the olive trees
Rehearse the holocaust of broken bread—
And when you lift me on your Calvaries,
Hold up your hands and show them streaming red.

the past year—envied you," Kate said passionately, "and this afternoon, when you hesitated outside my door, it flashed over me that perhaps you weren't sure of what you wanted to do—that perhaps you were going to make the same mistake I did.

"Oh, Martha," Kate took the girl by the arm, almost shaking her. "Don't be too practical, that's what's been wrong with the world for the past twenty-five years. Let your heart speak for you, then you won't be standing here like I am—with only the bitter memory of a love you wouldn't take."

Martha looked away, not because she wanted to hide from Kate that she was crying, but because it did not seem right that she should see the years of pain that lay back of Kate's tearless eyes.

"I've had my career, I make twenty thousand a year," Kate was saying, "but in spite of the success I've had you wouldn't want my empty life—no woman would."

"Then—then you think I ought to tell Jimmy that I'll—" Martha sobbed.

"I know you should," Kate was triumphant. "And don't stand there crying—put on your hat and get going."

Martha did just as Kate ordered, and quickly, for suddenly the room was filled with the sound of the clock on St. Margaret's striking six. It made Martha remember that Jimmy had said he would meet her at Ma Hennessy's in an hour, and that he'd warned her not to be late, for they had a lot to talk over, the rest of their lives to plan.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Warm-ups

► IN "WOMAN'S DAY" Raymond Knight describes the traditional "warm-up" sessions which precede comic broadcasts and which are designed to put the studio audience in a happy frame of mind:

Service audiences are particularly appreciative, and it is necessary to explain before the broadcast that radio network time is precious and too many seconds cannot be consumed with handclapping. Jack Benny introduces all the members of the cast and frequently he brings at his own expense, guest stars who will appear only before the program and sometimes afterward. The main idea in these warm-ups is to build ease and humor. For example, after Jack has built this spirit up, the Commanding Officer often walks in and all the men rise stiffly to attention. Jack waits until the C. O. is seated, then tells the men: "Relax! From now on I'm running this show!" . . .

The studio audience at the Hollywood broadcasts of Charlie McCarthy's show let themselves in for a lot of ribbing. Anyone who has heard the reception Charlie gives guests like W. C. Fields and Ned Sparks has an idea how the wooden wizard treats his visible audience. Edgar brings his protégé out early and from a position down-stage the little fellow proceeds to pass on his caustic comments to all who pass his way. Ladies with odd-looking hats, late arrivals, and men with loud-colored ties, come in for their share of ribbing. Since everyone has heard Charlie take his guests for a "ride" they all take it as good fun and are all the more anxious to hear the program and see if the guest can "take it."

Wandering Plants

► MOST OF US THINK of plants as stationary things, but many plants do a lot of traveling, according to Winifred Heath, writing in the "Catholic World":

Some plants are not content with creeping, trailing, walking, climbing. They hop and jump and are expert at both. The Jumping Cholla is an athlete in its own right, but there are plants which call in the aid of the wind. One of the most remarkable of these wind wanderers is the Rose of Jericho (which is no rose) or the Resurrection Plant. Its home is in the dry desert of Arabia, and it has learned to cope with a trying situation in a masterly style. When the inhospitable earth refuses to give up another drop of moisture the Rose of Jericho does not just curl up and die. No, indeed, it curls up

and stays put but very much alive, just waiting for the wind to come along and give it a friendly push. Then it goes hopping, jumping, rolling over the sands until it lands beside some cool pool. There that seemingly dead, dry brown ball takes a long drink, turns softly green again, sheds its seeds, and settles down happily for awhile. No wonder the natives regard it with a certain degree of awe and call it the Resurrection Plant.

Even stranger than this brown ball of the desert is the Wind Witch or Leap-in-the-Field. This odd plant as it grows sends tall, wandlike stalks up, three or four feet. These come closer and closer together until they form a circle. Then when the autumn winds come along the loose roots are wrenched from the soil and the plant goes frolicking with the wind. Like living things they are, whirling high in the air, sometimes landing on a mountain top—traveling like the witch of old astride the wild wind.

But all this traveling is no mere tourist, seeing-the-world affair, but a part of the great process of sowing seeds all over the earth, in desert places and on towering mountain peaks.

Washington Best Sellers

► SOME INSIDE INFORMATION on the reading habits of Washington's foreign diplomats is given by Edward Weeks in the "Atlantic":

It was 114 degrees in the sun on my last visit to the capital, and to cool my thoughts I took refuge in Brentano's Bookstore. The manager, Joseph A. Margolies (he has recently become a New York publisher) delighted me with his account of who reads what in Washington.

"You must get a lot of business from the Embassies," I said.

"Yes, before they left town the Japanese were the biggest book buyers of all. They never missed a book dealing with the Army or Navy, nor any that had to do with international affairs, particularly in South America. For instance, they would order at least twelve copies of every issue of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and so on down the line. The German Embassy was another good customer, though I noticed their secretaries were always in search of books by Americans which put our country in a questionable light—books on the Negro question and other racial and economic problems."

"How about our friends?" I asked.

"Ever since Ambassador Litvinoff's arrival, the Soviet

Embassy has been one of Brentano's biggest customers. As I remember it, they bought two complete sets of the WPA State Guides. They have a standing order for books on political matters—which, I may say, is well filled by a special clerk.

"The British are hard to keep track of, their tastes are so varied. I myself waited on General Wavell when he was last here, and sold him *The Three Bamboos*, Von Clausewitz's *On War*, and—a rhyming dictionary!"

If writing verse keeps General Wavell cool in Washington, I dare say it will help him as he sits on the lid of India's stove.

Mickey Mouse and the War

► *EVEN MICKEY MOUSE is playing a part in the war effort. The following is taken from "Leatherneck," publication of the Marine Corps:*

You have to have the same credentials to get into Disney's that you do to get in the mammoth Douglas Aircraft plant across town or a Marine ordnance plant, if you want a better example.

Oh, Mickey is still going to make his pictures, and so are Donald and Pluto. But they are all pitching in to help make such things as "Four Methods of Flush Riveting," "How to Shoot an Antitank Gun." They made one called "The New Spirit" that impressed people with the vital need of paying their income taxes pronto. It was so good the Treasury Department struck off a citation for Mickey—and Disney too. The Gallup poll said it induced 37 per cent of the taxpayers to pay their taxes without delay.

Eating Habits

► *EATING CUSTOMS of early American days differed considerably from our present habits. From an article by Osborne Goforth, Jr., in "Read":*

The breakfast served at Harvard Commons in 1746 consisted of "two sizings of bread and a cue of beer," a cue being half a pint. A cue of beer was also served at dinner. Each student brought his own knife and fork to meals and, when he had eaten, wiped them clean on the tablecloth. There were great and frequent riots over the quality of the food. Yale legend reports an historic riot over the quality of the rum dispensed by the college. . . .

When he became Harvard's president, Josiah Quincy abolished beer for breakfast, which then came, according to Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, to consist "solely of coffee, hot rolls, and butter, except when the members of the mess had succeeded in pinning to the nether surface of the table, by a two-pronged fork—some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner."

Yale also served beer in commons and later switched to hard cider. At one time the supply was eked out with some brew sent as a gift by an English university, which operated its own brewery. Yale was partly built by liquor, having for a number of years from 1721 received the benefit of an impost of four cents a gallon on rum. The proceeds were used at first to build a house for the rector, later for other purposes.

Wild Game Surplus

► *SURPLUSES of wild game exist in almost every section of the United States, and have become a problem in some places. By James and Alice Wilson in "Harper's":*

Imagine the feelings of the rancher near Denver Mountain Parks who counted 845 elk on his ranch at one time, stripping the forage and tearing down haystacks! As for antelope, they were near extinction not so long ago, but recently 27,000 of them were counted in a Wyoming county which had been thought to have only 5,000.

Even ducks can make a farmer swear. In 1941 a quarter of a million mallards wintering on the Jumbo Reservoir in northeastern Colorado took about 50,000 bushels of corn on 15,000 acres—enough to fatten 1,200 steers. Last fall the ducks moved in again. An SOS to the Federal Government by the authors of this article brought Fish and Wildlife Service agents to scatter the flock with high-powered rifles, flares, skyrockets, searchlights, dynamite bombs, and tracer bullets. The farmers estimated that as a result \$20,000 worth of corn was saved.

Helpful Suggestions

► *WE WOULD LIKE to listen in on the conference if Mr. Miller's suggestion in the "New York Times Magazine" were followed:*

Representative A. L. Miller of Nebraska wants the three living defeated Republican candidates for President to sit down together and work out a unified Republican policy and platform. We think it is a most heroic measure that Mr. Miller proposes. It will call for courage and humility of a high order for Messrs. Hoover, Landon, and Willkie to meet around the confessional table, let down their hair, and say: "Now just among ourselves, wherein did we slip? Why weren't we as good as that man in the White House? What did we do that was wrong?" Yet the plan is a noble one. Through contrite self-examination comes regeneration.

Recipe for the Pennant

► *JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY writing about Manager Jimmie Dykes of the Chicago White Sox in the "Queen's Work," gives Jimmie's hunch of a sure way to cinch the pennant:*

Since the White Sox have already lost twenty-three men to the armed forces, and may lose more, Jim may have to resort to some new method of winning ball games. As a Catholic, he values this one highly. A few years ago, he attended a reception in Chicago for a newly ordained priest. As he knelt to receive the priest's blessing, Jim was asked what place the Sox were in. In an embarrassed tone, he responded, "Fifth, Father." "Well, then," said the young priest, "this blessing goes for your boys as well." The next day, the Sox began a four-game winning streak, and climbed into first division. Ever since then Jimmie Dykes has been thinking how nice it would be if priests were ordained every week or so during the baseball season. The pennant would be a cinch!

Two Languages

► THE DIFFERENCE between English as spoken in England and America is causing difficulties among Allied soldiers. The following, by Demaree Bess in the "Saturday Evening Post," is a good example:

It has not been easy for Americans and Britons here to work so closely together. They have different habits and mannerisms and often different speech. A favorite story here concerns two staff colonels who visited General George Patton's headquarters in Morocco to arrange the details for the Casablanca conference. One colonel was an American and the other was an Englishman who spoke with an exaggerated Oxford accent. In the anteroom the two colonels encountered an American lieutenant, to whom the British officer addressed a question. The lieutenant stood in embarrassed silence.

Finally the American colonel said impatiently, "Come, lieutenant, answer the colonel's question."

Whereupon the lieutenant replied, "I am sorry, sir, but I don't understand French."

Philosophical Negro

► ANY YOUNG man who may be drafted into the army should take comfort from the following, which appeared in the "Ave Maria":

"You is either drafted or you ain't drafted," said a Negro. "If you is drafted you still got two chances: you may be sent to the front or you may not. If you go to the front you still got two chances: you may be shot or you may not. If you get shot you still got two chances: you my die or you may not. And even if you die you still have two chances."

Pope on American Territory

► THE COMMON BELIEF that no pope has ever been on American territory is false, as proven by the following incident:

On August 2, 1849, His Holiness Pope Pius IX, in company with Ferdinand II, King of the two Sicilies, visited the *Constitution* at Gaeta, in the bay of Naples, Italy. This is the only known instance of a reigning Pope setting foot on American territory.

After the visit the Pope presented to the ship several rosaries to be distributed to the ship's company. One of these rosaries is now on exhibition on board. Also on exhibition is a Neapolitan coin showing a likeness of King Ferdinand.

The Unpredictable Public

► THE PUBLIC itself doesn't know what it wants according to Joseph Katz, writing in "Advertising and Selling":

Every little while somebody sits down at his typewriter or gets up on a platform and starts off with "What the public wants . . ."

What does the public want? Don't you do too much

guessing! Because the best guess is that the public doesn't know what it wants.

Just make it! Just make it good! And then tell the public about it. And the people will want it. People can't want something they haven't seen.

If you had made a survey asking men if they would pay \$14 for a pipe you'd have probably got a loud NO! Ask the Kirsten Pipe people how many gladly paid it after they saw and tried the pipe.

A few years ago the straw hat business got so low you could hardly give them away at a dollar apiece. Then somebody discovered these cocoanut straws and other odd weaves. Now the same man who wouldn't give a dollar is spending \$2.95 to \$10 for what is still called a straw hat.

If you think you've got a good idea, give the people a chance to pass on it. Don't set yourself up as an expert on the public mind.

As J. P. McEvoy said in a *Liberty* article: "The only certainty about the public is its uncertainty, the only sure thing is its unsureness, the only predictable thing is its complete unpredictability."

Degeneration of Swearing

► THE GRADUAL DEGENERATION of swearing is traced by Sir John Harrington, quoted from "Holy Roodlets":

In olden times an ancient custom was,
To swear in mighty matters by the Mass;
But when the Mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn;
Last, having sworn all faith and Truth
Only God damn them is the common oath;
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation
That, losing Mass, cross, faith, they find damnation.

Sulfonamide Goes to War

► USE OF THE sulfonamide drug has brought about a great decrease in the number of deaths on the battlefield today as compared with other wars. Charles L. Fox, Jr., quoted in "Talks":

In the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, only one out of every twenty-five soldiers was killed in battle, but one of every two soldiers—50 per cent of the army—died of infections in hospitals. That was before anything was known about bacteria.

In World War I, gunshot wounds of the abdomen resulted in 60 to 80 per cent mortality; at Pearl Harbor the mortality from these cases was less than 1 per cent, and recent reports from the Solomon Islands place the mortality from these cases at less than 5 per cent.

Medical officers from all parts of the world who have been treating patients under a variety of circumstances have agreed unanimously that the sulfonamide drugs have been in large measure responsible for this great improvement.

It is interesting that the first reports of the amazing chemical that cured bacterial infections came from Germany in 1935.

The Steps of Calvary

THE THIRD FALL

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

ON THE brow of Calvary Christ had preached His second Sermon on the Mount. From that bleak and gnarled summit He had given His last warning to the world, a last reminder that His sufferings would not be in vain. Those who came after Him would either carry the cross in willing atonement or else fling it from them and discard it to their own eternal loss. From the brow of Golgotha also Christ had taken a last farewell of Jerusalem, the city of His heart. Jerusalem had rejected Him, had cast Him forth as one no longer fit to grace the ranks of even the least of her children. He had wept over the city which had spurned Him. Jerusalem's obstinacy was to be her doom.

So in sadness Christ was forced to turn away from the scene He loved. Once more a sob escaped His lips as He brokenly repeated the lament that burst from His sorrowing heart when His own had cried for His condemnation in Pilate's courtyard. "My people, what have I done to thee? or in what have I grieved thee? I planted thee, indeed, my most beautiful vineyard and thou hast delivered me up. Thou hast beaten me with blows and scourges. I have exalted thee with great power: and thou hast given me the gibbet."

Once more too that awful sense of loneliness encompassed Him. About Him He gazed but what He saw could naught but sadden Him the more. There flashed before Him the undeniable truth of His own Prophet's words: "I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none: and for one that would comfort me, and I found none" (Psalm 68). How

well the Prophet had forecast the very scene. Christ had indeed become the reproach of men and the outcast of the people and all that saw Him laughed Him to scorn.

But there was one that stood with Christ. The magnificent Simon of Cyrene still bore the Cross on his brawny shoulders. That stalwart figure waited quietly near the Redeemer, his watchful gaze full of scorn for the insolent mob that surrounded them. There was disdain in his bearing and princely courage in his heart. Splendidly he filled the shoes of another Simon, one who had walked with Christ in the halcyon days of glory and fame when men ran after the Prophet of Nazareth for the thrill even of touching the gown of the Nazarene. Then when the Lord sought to test the depth of Simon Peter's steadfast-

ness, the chosen leader of the Apostles roared out in indignation, "Though I should die with Thee yet will I not deny Thee!" It was an idle boast, for when Christ was set upon and led away in bonds, Simon Peter fled into the darkness to save his own skin. Simon of Cyrene, a stranger, met Christ for the first time on the Via Dolorosa. Under duress he was compelled to take up the burden of the Cross. Now he stood with Christ on the height of Golgotha, ready if necessary to make good the unworthy Simon's boast, ready to die with Jesus of Nazareth.

Christ turned to Simon and stretched out His arms to receive again the Cross. In the look He bestowed on the Cyrenian there was an ineffable gratitude. Truly this man had proved himself. As long as men lived on this earth the name of Simon would be revered as the courageous companion of the Saviour of Men on the Via Dolorosa. He would head the list of Christian heroes, and his great soul would captain forever the army of Christian warriors before the eternal throne of the Son of God. He had been knighted with the Cross of Christ and now he was to return this symbol of knighthood to Jesus of Nazareth, who would carry it alone the few remaining steps to the scene of execution.

It was with tender hands that Simon placed the Cross on the shoulders of Christ. He saw the dreadful wound that gaped there and felt the sacred figure shudder in renewed agony as the rough gibbet sank into the torn and bleeding groove. He winced painfully and cried out in dismay as the unwieldy beam



Mario Barbieri

unbalanced itself and fell against the swollen, thorn-ridden Head. He saw too the bruised and lacerated limbs quiver with weakness under the huge bulk that weighed them down. A tottering step. Another and still another. And then before the solicitous Simon could leap forward to support the faltering Saviour, Christ collapsed.

An awe-inspiring silence hovered around the prostrate Saviour. As before, men grew frightened to see this Prophet, once so masterful and so strong, lying prone on the earth in an uncontrollable spasm of anguish.

Yet those who stood about could witness only Christ's physical suffering. Their own hearts were blinded by passion and hate. Pity had been snuffed out. Thus they could not reckon the sorrow of soul which had Christ on the rack while the Cross held Him pinned fast to the ground. The searing pain of the shoulders, the weakened limbs that crumpled under the weight of the Cross, the new rending of His lacerated body, the additional torture of the thorns, all this was more than His human strength could stand.

But His sorrow of heart reached new depths when He was cruelly borne to earth in a third tragic collapse. He knew that He had reached the end of His journey to Calvary. Shortly the soldiers would lift off the Cross, drag Him erect, strip Him, and then crucify Him. Even His great-hearted spirit felt the draining of His endurance. His sorely tried human soul hungered and thirsted for comfort, for relief from the terrible agony that knifed its way through every nerve and muscle, for a cessation of the unutterable anguish, yes, even to the cancellation of the whole plan of Redemption.

In Gethsemane, the cold horror of the world's collective evil had enveloped His soul and seeped into the very marrow of His spirit. The devastating malice of sin had besieged the citadel of His sinless heart in a drive of such relentless power that He was bathed in a bloody sweat of anguish. Now, prostrate in painful exhaustion beneath the Cross, His physical strength worn to the last ounce, that awful mental agony of Gethsemane renewed its assault. Under such a crushing terror He sought escape. "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me.

Why must I drink it further? I have tasted its bitterness, yea, I have drunk deep of its wormwood and gall. Must I now harrow my soul with the dregs? Out of their own mouths those who torture me have condemned themselves as unworthy of Thy clemency and unworthy of my sufferings. Look what they have done to me! As a worm and no man I have been trodden underfoot! They have laughed me to scorn! My body is broken, my heart torn asunder!"

How truly human this broken-hearted lament of the Saviour of Men as He lay spent beneath His Cross. Yet there are well-springs of courage in every human soul that remain unknown until the last despairing moment. A last weak effort and there is tapped a hidden reservoir whence new spirit gushes forth to quicken and vitalize the tired spark of life.

Christ now tapped that reservoir, the well-spring of His tremendous, unquenchable, eternal love for man. New courage flowed into His anguished heart, new strength came to His broken body prostrate on the step of the Altar of Calvary. "Not my will—but Thine be done," a cry of strong, determined renewal of sacrifice came from His lips.

WHAT a stirring uplift Christ has given in that renewal of His spirit on Calvary. What a superb example of courage in the darkest hour of His life. When human endurance could bear no more, when the concerted efforts of the forces of evil had brought Him toppling to earth, in that moment when the final urge weakened and began to ebb out and all avail seemed futile, the greathearted Son of Man drew new energy from His inmost being and swept on to the tremendous victory of the Redemption, the goal of His suffering journey through the Via Dolorosa.

Men had hounded Him to the last but He would out-hound them in His love. They had spent themselves in breaking Him asunder, in crushing His spirit and stamping out the vitality that breathed in Him, yet they were to be outspent in the unexpended return of His steadfast devotion to the salvation of the world. A vanquished prophet, the prostrate form of a discredited won-

der-worker ground underfoot as a worm and no man, the gory remnant of the once most beautiful of the sons of men, the lost hope of a glorious cause, the tragic end to a once great mission. Yet in that last moment the conquered became the Conqueror, the vanquished burst forth the Victor and the Kingdom of God on earth was saved to men.

From that moment on, the weary hearts of men have been infused with a new and magic strength. Christ tapped the reservoir of His unquenchable love to overcome the weakness of His human efforts. That same reservoir has ever been the source of courage far beyond the limits of human endurance and earthly strength to those who have been crushed to earth.

Saints and martyrs have found this superhuman courage vitalizing their torn and mangled bodies and harrowed souls when all human fortitude could avail them nothing. Men and women of all ages have been beset with trials, broken with tribulation, and trampled underfoot by the injustice of this world. Black, hopeless nights have enveloped them; no human agency could stay the smiting sword of sorrow, no pity soften the inexorable bite of the lash of cruelty or the fangs of hate. Weighed down with accumulated sorrows and pinned helplessly prostrate by a cross not of their own making, they have sunk to where the blight of despair seemed destined to blot out even a last hope.

Then comes the courage of Christ to invigorate the spent bodies, strengthen the souls weary unto death, those souls which have greatheartedly followed the Saviour of Men through the Via Dolorosa even to the last bitter collapse in the shadow of Calvary. It was there that Christ earned for men the right to share with Him in drawing new strength from the inexhaustible reservoir of His unquenchable love. He so loved men that He was wounded for their iniquities and bruised for their sins, but in suffering for them He likewise gave them an example that they should follow in His footsteps, even to the last tragic collapse when the Son of Man Himself felt the pitiless night of hopelessness close about Him. Then will men find the strength of Christ bearing them on to the victory ahead.



Uniformed Ronald Reagan and Joan Leslie are sweethearts of World War II in "This is the Army"

film is kept well within the boundaries of rationalism and good taste.

Many of the soldiers in the cast were professional entertainers before the war. Their efforts in this revue will undoubtedly serve to advance their careers in the days of peace. Several prominent stars appear in the production as principals in the tenuous story which carries the action from 1917 to the present. George Murphy, Joan Leslie, Lt. Ronald Reagan, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Dolores Costello, Alan Hale, George Tobias, and Frances Langford are all more than adequate in the roles assigned them. Sgt. Joe Louis appears briefly for a punching-bag sequence; Kate Smith gives a lusty rendition of "God Bless America" and Irving Berlin, creator of the show, steps before the camera to sing, "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Berlin's song-writing talents hardly qualify him as a vocalist.

This is the Army is fun for the family, an enjoyable album of Army talent. The entire proceeds of the film are to be turned over to the Army Emergency Relief Fund, an additional reason for making it a "must" on the entertainment list.

Dramatic Dud

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS combines brilliant pictorial effects with interminable stretches of

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

G. I. Frolic

THIS IS THE ARMY emerges in cinematic form as a rousing, rollicking musical revue fashioned with the emphasis on war's lighter moments. A color spectacle incorporating the most successful numbers from the Army play with a slight narrative, the film will prove both interesting and acceptable for family audiences.

The performances of the exuberant and energetic soldier-actors and the plentiful interludes of songs, both old and new, are the production highlights. It is difficult to single out any particular number as the most effective, but the scenes from "Yip Yip Yaphank" will undoubtedly appeal to those who recall its presentation during World War I days.

The flag is waved often and vigorously, but never in the obnoxious manner employed by so many of our frenzied professional flag-wavers. Intelligent moviegoers will be grateful that the patriotism exhibited in the

dramatic tedium, static discussion, and discrepant performance. It adheres strictly to the Hemingway novel with the result that dialogue and the development of character blunt the edge of the suspenseful climax. This form of presentation may qualify as a faithful adaptation of the book, but it cannot be classified as good moviemaking.

There will be little controversy over the political content. Undoubtedly it is pro-Loyalist, but the Communists and their fellow travelers will be disappointed at the manner and amount of footage devoted to the political side of the Spanish Civil War. The issues at stake in the conflict are only vaguely defined in the rambling, lofty discussions that often impede the action without accomplishing any definite purpose. Nor are the moral issues of that bloody war given more than cursory attention.

The Hemingway obscenities have been deleted, but objection can be taken to the suggestiveness of some

of the romantic scenes, the glorification of homicide, and the excessive and unnecessary brutality depicted in many sequences. All of these are sufficiently important to classify the film as unacceptable for all audiences.

The casting was a difficult problem and the result is not without flaws. Gary Cooper, as Robert Jordan, gives a better interpretation of Gary Cooper than he has done in some time. Ingrid Bergman, who has not yet graduated from the Camille school of emoting, is a shade better in her interpretation of Maria. She is not, however, the best choice for the role. The really important performances are those of Katina Paxinou, as Pilar, and Akim Tamiroff, portraying Pablo, her tired, crafty husband. Their work is among the finest the screen has produced at any time.

For Whom the Bell Tolls is two hours and forty-six minutes long, a bombshell of scenic beauty . . . but a dramatic dud. While the producers have succeeded in making a beautiful Technicolor spectacle out of Hemingway's trash, they have not bothered to invest it with the moral tone and the dramatic power so essential to a first-rate motion picture.



Fred Astaire takes time out to pose for Joan Leslie's camera in "The Sky's The Limit"

Astaire Again

The infrequent appearances of Fred Astaire always call for a bravo from those who admire not only the agility of his flying feet, but the airy amiability of his screen personality. In *THE SKY'S THE LIMIT* he has the benefit of a tailor-made musical romance, novel and lively, handled with the good taste necessary for family material.

The musical portions easily dominate the proceedings for when Astaire and his new partner, Joan Leslie, literally fly over the polished floor, the war theme fades readily into the background. Astaire puts his shoe-ration coupons to excellent use in several numbers which almost live up to the film's title. Miss Leslie, already a proven success in the dramatic field, is equally at home in the song-and-dance requirements and Robert

Benchley, Robert Ryan, and Elizabeth Patterson are present to give solid support. Freddie Slack's Orchestra provides the tempo for the Astaire calisthenics.

The Sky's the Limit is top flight musical entertainment. The family will enjoy it. (RKO)

Reviews in Brief

Wallace Beery continues his celluloid military career as an aging Marine Sergeant who gets his last opportunity for action during the Philippine invasion. *SALUTE TO THE MARINES* is reminiscent of other Beery vehicles, but the star's genial gruffness serves successfully to bridge the gaps in the plot. Fay Bainter, William Lundigan, and Marilyn Maxwell are the chief supporting players in this melodrama for general audiences. (MGM)

Red Skelton's radio catch phrase *I DOOD IT* has been appended to a moderately entertaining musical comedy with adult overtones. The canvas has been daubed rather liberally with a lavish and expensive



Randolph Scott and Ella Raines talk things over in "Corvette K-225," story of the Canadian Navy

brush. The result, however, is merely average in entertainment value despite the frantic efforts of Skelton and the glittering presence of Eleanor Powell, who is responsible for the film's brightest scenes. Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, Helen O'Connell, pianist Hazel Scott, and Lena Horne are also called on to bolster the musical sequences. Adult devotees of the screen-musical technique will probably overlook the absurd plot deviations. (MGM)

When the full story of this war's valor is told, the work of the North Atlantic convoy guardians will be among the brightest pages. *CORVETTE K-225* relates the saga of one of the most effective branches of the Royal Canadian Navy. A fast-moving, thrill-a-minute action drama produced in co-operation with the Canadian Government, it serves the excellent purpose of

bringing into focus the herculean efforts of the men who live and work on these dangerous ocean broncos. Thrill high-spot of the production is a surface encounter with a U-Boat, an exceptionally realistic sequence. Randolph Scott, Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine, and Ella Raines fit their portrayals into the required melodramatic mood with success. (Universal)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT is a comedy-fantasy of limited adult appeal. The principal character, a wealthy New Yorker, is examined under a Technicolor microscope from infancy to second adolescence at 70. The story encompasses all the domestic statistics in the Van Cleve family in episodic, flashback fashion. There are moments of good comedy, sentiment, and occasional sparkle, but the film is not for the indiscriminating and the immature. Don Ameche re-establishes himself as a first-caliber player with a classic characterization. Even Gene Tierney exhibits some versatility under the direction of Ernest Lubitsch. Charles Coburn, Majorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Allyn Joslyn, and Eugene Pallette are outstanding in the lesser roles. Recommended for adults, with some reservation. (20th Century-Fox)



Margo is the beautiful daughter of an upper-class Japanese family in "Behind the Rising Sun"

A vigorous indictment of the political doctrines of the war party in Japan, *BEHIND THE RISING SUN* is a blend of factual, documentary material and a fictional study of an upper-class Japanese family. Scenarist Emmett Lavery is responsible for the tightly knit, lucid narrative based on correspondent James R. Young's recent book. An honest attempt is made to probe the Nipponese mind and character and the indoctrination of a totalitarian philosophy that will ultimately bring them to disaster. Strong adult material with the impact of a block-buster, this propaganda treatise and exposé is sensational without being significant. Not for the children. (RKO)

The inimitable Bob Hope frolics through a screen version of the Broadway musical comedy hit, *LET'S FACE IT*, with his usual aplomb. He manages to serve

as pulmotor for a trite and moth-eaten narrative that does not fare as well under the sound-stage klieg lights as it did before the footlights. Whatever merit the comedy now possesses is due to the Hope antics and the support he receives from Betty Hutton. One or two suggestive scenes might better have been cut in the interest of good taste. (Paramount)

Three-Quarter Time

A melodic, handsome presentation of *THE MERRY WIDOW* takes top place among recent operetta revivals. Produced with a lavish touch and skillfully sung by Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura, the production is first-rate adult musical divertissement.

The libretto is based on dated and too familiar mythical kingdom capers, but fortunately serves merely as a tenuous thread on which the delightful Franz Lehar tunes are strung. *Vilia, I Love You So, Maxims*, and the other well-loved numbers are in excellent hands and throats when Miss Eggerth and Kiepura step front and center to give them voice. Miss Eggerth is a most felicitous choice for the title role, being both orally and optically appealing. Less fortunate is the selection of Kiepura as the dashing Prince Danilo. Vocally, he is all that any operetta might require, but his plodding dramatics impede rather than assist a story that demands bolstering by expert thespian interpreters. Melville Cooper strives desperately to insert the required comedy note but is hampered by the script.

Regardless of narrative deficiency, the Eggerth-Kiepura vocalizing, brilliant choreographic effects created by George Balanchine, tastefully expensive settings, and the unforgettable Lehar score make *The Merry Widow* a musical treat not soon to be forgotten.

Co-operation

Complaints against the shortsighted policy of our movie-makers still come from representative groups in South America. The fact that these protests have come from practically every country below the Rio indicates strongly that we have affronted the vast majority of those whom we loudly proclaim to be our neighbors.

The protests have ranged from the inevitable demand that we cease portraying Latins as gun-toting, murderous revolutionaries to a general disapproval of our lax moral standards. In recent months we have cleaned house to the point of eliminating the Latin villain in many western films and making halfhearted gestures of friendship in the form of color travelogues and Disney cartoons. That is not enough.

We must make a serious and determined effort not only to present the Latin as he really is, but also to appeal to his cultural palate. We will never do that by continuing the stream of immorality and decadence that has flowed forth from our shores in the guise of entertainment and diversion. Although motion pictures have been representing America all over the world, they have not been truly representative. The solution involves either continued appropriations to counteract false impressions or an agreement by the members of the Production Code Authority to eliminate objectionable material from the production schedules. The choice is not a difficult one.



SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Fasting Communion

If a person has broken his fast, goes to confession, and receives absolution, why cannot he then go to Communion?—P. N., YONKERS, N. Y.

Does this question imply that the breaking of the fast is to be made a matter of confession and if so, that the absolution ought in some way to be a dispensation from the law of fasting before receiving Holy Communion? If this is the opinion of the questioner, it is erroneous. Breaking one's fast on any particular day is not a sin. Of course we are speaking of the fast only from the point of view of that required for receiving Holy Communion and not of breaking the fast prescribed during Lent and on certain days. So it follows that the breaking of the fast is not a matter for absolution and even after confession the person is still bound by the law of fasting from the midnight previous to the reception to Holy Communion. We refer here only to normal situations. Being a Church law it can be modified by the same authority that makes it and there are certain occasions even outside the danger of death when the law will not bind. Consultation with one's pastor or confessor will bring information about these rare situations but even in these cases the relaxation of the eucharistic fast is not a matter for sacramental absolution.

Claim of Private Revelation

Has THE SIGN any information concerning a private revelation to a certain woman in California in which Christ has asked through her that the Blessed Sacrament be exposed daily in order that atonement be made for sin and peace be secured?—S. D. S., GARFIELD, N. J.

The Sign Post Editor has come across a leaflet entitled *Concerning a Private Revelation having to do with Universal Perpetual Adoration* and no doubt this refers to the case concerning which our questioner requests in-

formation. This leaflet was published in California and those responsible for its distribution reside in that State. Whether or not the woman who claims to have received the revelation is a resident of that State at present or at the time of the alleged manifestations is not stated.

The leaflet asserts that "the favored one is known to many Catholic clergymen and lay people as Mary, the Mystic of the Earling Case." This information enables us to identify the woman in question as the individual who was the center of a sensational controversy some few years ago. At that time she was resident in Earling, Iowa and supposedly had been possessed by evil spirits for many years. The lurid details of the events that accompanied her exorcism by the late Father Theophilus were published in a pamphlet entitled *Begone Satan!* The pamphlet was immediately attacked by competent Catholic critics who exposed several doctrinal errors on the part of the author, to say nothing of raising grave doubts as to whether the central figure of the Earling exorcism was really an energumen rather than an abnormal person.

Consequently, it is with some concern that we have learned recently of this woman's being publicized as a specially favored mystic, a visionary, and the recipient of revelations from Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, and the late Father Theophilus. We do not hesitate to say that we do not like the whole setup. Neither do we hesitate to warn not only our questioner but all others of the danger of illusion and delusion in such cases and that they will be acting prudently if they have nothing to do with the matter.

The Holy Souls

What is the teaching of the Church regarding prayers to the Holy Souls, as distinct from prayers for them?—C. L., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Church has never made any official decision on this specific point. Many theologians teach and it is the common belief of the faithful that the Holy Souls intercede for their brethren and benefactors. If there were

anything wrong with this teaching and practice, we can be sure that it would have been condemned long ago. Consequently, there is no reason why we should not invoke their aid.

Sponsor at Baptism

Is it lawful for a woman to act as sponsor for her sister or brother at Baptism?—B. M., NUTLEY, N. J.

Provided she has the qualifications for the office of sponsor she may act in this capacity for her brother or sister. Brothers or sisters of the one being baptized may act as sponsors but not a father, mother, husband, or wife. Others excluded from acting as sponsors are novices and professed members of religious orders unless there be no one else available for this office and in this case the expressed permission of at least the local superior is needed. Those in Sacred Orders need the express permission of their Bishop to act as sponsors.

The principal qualifications required by Church law for validly and licitly acting as a sponsor are as follows: The sponsor should be a baptized Catholic in good standing and be at least fourteen years of age, although for a just cause the priest may admit a younger person. The sponsor should know the principal truths of the Catholic Faith and have the intention of undertaking the responsibilities associated with the office. The sponsor must, either in person or by proxy, physically hold or touch the one baptized or receive him immediately after Baptism from the sacred font or from the hands of the priest.

General Confession

Are general confessions advisable, and if so, when?—J. B., DETROIT, MICH.

General confession can be defined as the repetition of all or several past confessions. A general confession may embrace the whole of one's past life or it may be limited to some lesser space of time. The making of such confessions is classified as necessary, or useful, or injurious.

A general confession is necessary and is of obligation when it is morally certain that past confessions have been invalid or sacrilegious.

General confession can be useful and can bring great spiritual benefits under certain conditions. That is why it is recommended or at least permitted to the following classes of individuals: to bring peace and tranquility of mind to those who have doubts about the validity of past confessions; to adults who have never made a general confession and may feel the need of renewing their sorrow for all past sins; to those who seriously turn to God and to a better life and are conscious of the need of special counsel to help them keep their good resolutions; to those who are entering upon a new state of life such as being married or embracing the clerical or religious life; to those who are in danger of death or must expose themselves to that danger.

A general confession is of no benefit and must be refused by the confessor to the scrupulous who will

never be convinced that they have correctly confessed their sins and also to those of vivid imagination who tend constantly to review past sins to discover minute circumstances which may have been overlooked previously and by this process bring new difficulties and temptations upon themselves.

The advisability of a general confession should be left to the judgment of one's confessor.

Invalid Marriage No Solution

A Catholic girl became an expectant mother out of wedlock. The man in the case is a bigoted non-Catholic. Both are of age. The man agreed to marry the girl only if a non-Catholic minister performed the ceremony and absolutely refused to be married in the presence of a priest. The parents of the girl consented to a wedding before a non-Catholic minister and the couple were married accordingly. We who are mothers have discussed this case and wonder what Catholic parents should do in such a situation.—W. M. M., BOSTON, MASS.

This case can be approached from several angles. Let us first direct attention to the individuals primarily involved. Should marriage be considered as a necessary consequence of their past wrongdoing? By no means. In every marriage a reasonable expectancy of future harmony and happiness should be present. If this is absent, as it often is in such cases, marriage should not be contemplated as a solution of the problem. Instead of solving one problem it will create many others. On the other hand, if there is a reasonable hope that the marriage will be a happy one then it should take place for the sake of the individuals themselves and that of the unborn child.

Concerning the case proposed in the question, it seems evident that no marriage should have taken place under any circumstances. The woman has already suffered enough humiliation and shame without throwing in her lot with a man who despises her religion and will do everything possible to prevent her and her children from being practicing Catholics. The only way she can placate him will be to abandon her own faith and refuse to do what her conscience tells her she ought to do for the spiritual welfare of her children. This opinion would hold even though under pressure the man consented to a marriage before a priest. The promises required for mixed marriages mean nothing to such individuals. Better would it be for the woman to accept the consequences of her fault and be loyal to her Faith which will help her solve her problem and enable her in spite of the past to build a future worthy of her dignity.

Judgment on the particular solution chosen by the girl must be harsh but no harsher than the truth demands. Instead of making amends for past sin, she has deliberately entered an invalid marriage, accepted all the consequences such a marriage involves, and made at least an external profession of heresy by actively participating in a religious ceremony performed by a non-Catholic minister.

Regarding the parents it is not clear just what kind

of consent they gave. If, after trying to dissuade their daughter from the step she contemplated, they perceived that their efforts were vain and useless it may be that they assumed a more or less passive attitude. Such an attitude might be considered an assent but really it is not and carries with it no fault. The duties of Catholic parents in such circumstances even with reference to children of age are quite clear. They must do everything possible within reason to persuade their daughter (or son for that matter) not to take such a step. Approval of the marriage or the encouraging of it is moral co-operation in a sinful act and therefore sinful. Neither may they attend such a marriage ceremony, for their attendance can be interpreted as an approval of the whole affair.

Death During Childbirth

(1) *Is there any foundation for the belief that a mother in the state of grace goes directly to heaven if she dies during childbirth?*

(2) *Because a woman who dies in childbirth gives her life for another can she be called a martyr?*—NEW YORK CITY.

(1) There is no legitimate foundation for such a belief. Most likely it has arisen from a misinterpretation of a text of St. Paul, "Yet women will be saved by child-bearing" (I Timothy, 2:15). In this section of his Epistle, St. Paul is rebuking women for usurping the teaching office of the Church and reminds them that they ought to endeavor to save their souls by fulfilling that for which God made them. This does not mean, however, that a woman must have children in order to be saved but merely points out a general function that has been appointed her in holy matrimony. Neither is child-bearing alone sufficient, for St. Paul adds the condition, "if they continue in faith and love and holiness with modesty."

(2) Strictly speaking a martyr is not one who gives his life for another but one who gives his life as a witness to the Catholic Faith. Hence, a mother who dies in giving birth to a child is not a martyr.

Application of the Mass

Why is it the custom to have Masses said for one person or one intention? Since the Mass is infinite, would it not be better to include all under one offering?—CANADA.

In the June 1943 Sign Post we discussed two questions on the Mass which can be referred to for further information on this point.

When the Mass is spoken of as being infinite, certain distinctions must be kept in mind. If the Mass is considered from the point of view of the Victim offered, it is of infinite value because of the infinite dignity of Christ. The Mass is also of infinite value with respect to God because in the Mass the Divine Victim is an infinitely acceptable gift.

When we consider the Mass, however, from the point of view of being the offering of a human priest, of the

faithful attending, and of the whole Church, it is finite in value for although the Victim offered is of infinite dignity, as stated above, the act of offering here and now being an act of finite agents will itself be finite and vary in value with the greater or less worthiness of those who make the offering. The same finite value must be attributed to the application of the fruits of the Mass to those who are capable of receiving them but before taking up this question specifically, it will be well to say something about the various classifications of the fruits of the Mass.

The general fruits of the Mass are those that benefit the whole Church and all the faithful can participate in the general fruits of every Mass that is offered throughout the world. The special fruits are those that go to those for whom the priest specially offers the Mass. The very special fruits are those that the offering priest can gain for himself from the Mass that he celebrates. Under all these aspects the value of the Mass is finite. The reasons for this are that we are finite beings and consequently incapable of receiving an infinite good and because the measure of our participation in the fruits of the Mass, as in all of God's graces, depends in part on our own proper dispositions and co-operation which can be entirely lacking or vary indefinitely.

Applying these principles to the question we reply that the reason Masses are offered for one person in particular is not due to the fact that he cannot share in the benefits of the Mass without a specific application, for everyone is capable of sharing in the general fruits of the Mass. It is to enable the person to share in the special fruits of the Mass, the application of which depends on the intention of the celebrating priest. The reason why several Masses are offered for the same individual is that the special fruits are finite and can be received in greater or less degrees repeatedly.

The Heroic Act

What is meant by making the Heroic Act? Is it possible to make it privately, or must one have permission of one's confessor?—C. N., CLIFFSIDE, N. J.

The "Heroic Act" consists in offering to God for the souls in Purgatory all the satisfactory works which the person who makes the act will perform during his lifetime, and all the suffrages which may be offered for him after his death. Generally, this offering is made through Our Blessed Lady, although this is not necessary. It is called "heroic" because it implies willingness to undergo the pains of Purgatory in order that others may escape them. The making of this act is not a vow and is revocable at will. It can be made privately and the consent of one's confessor is not necessary.

The "Mind of the Church"

What is meant by the expression "Mind of the Church"?—D. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This expression generally has one of two meanings. A belief or an opinion is said to be "according to the mind of the Church" if, though not directly contained in the revealed deposit of Faith, it nevertheless is in

accordance with universally accepted deductions and inferences from revealed and defined truth. The expression is also used to denote the Church's attitude as regards some particular issue as manifested by her legislation over a period of time.

Validity of Orders

Does the Church recognize the validity of the ordinations of Coptic priests?—F. C., OTTERBURNE, MANITOBA.

We must distinguish between those who follow the Coptic Rite and are in union with Rome and those who are separated from the center of Catholic unity. Regarding the Uniate Copts there is no question but that the Church recognizes the validity of their ordinations.

With respect to the Copts who are under the Patriarch of Cairo, some doubt must be entertained about the universal validity of ordinations. The Church has made no official decision on Coptic ordinations in general as happened in the case of Anglican Orders under Leo XIII and so each individual case would have to be settled on its own merits.

There are, however, grave reasons for questioning the validity of Coptic ordinations. These are based on the general deficiency of religious education and ecclesiastical training of candidates for the priesthood and dissemination of Protestant and Rationalistic ideas. These evils have become so widespread that the validity even of Baptism has become very doubtful. Under such conditions it is easy to see why serious doubt can be raised concerning the valid administration of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

Stigmatics

(1) *Can one obtain a record of people who have received the stigmata?*

(2) *Is there anyone living at present with the stigmata?*—E. F. R., YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

(1) For general information on the stigmata and a list of the more prominent holy persons who have experienced this mystical participation in Our Lord's Passion, we recommend the article in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

(2) The best known stigmatic of the present day is Teresa Neumann who resides at Konnersreuth in Germany. Much has been written about this remarkable person.

Mass Wine

Could grape juice be used instead of wine in the celebration of Mass?—W. D., TRENTON, N. J.

Unfermented grape juice, if recently pressed from mature grapes, would be valid matter as far as the Consecration is concerned. Its use, however, outside the case of necessity would be unlawful because it has been decreed by the Church that fermented wine must be used.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Expediency or Justice?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Professor Ross Hoffman has written a very instructive article in the August issue of THE SIGN, "The West and Russia." It is obvious that the reconstruction of the world requires the whole-hearted co-operation of a nation which extends in an unbroken expanse over two continents and embraces one-sixth of the inhabited globe. In order to secure this desirable, nay, indispensable co-operation, the Professor advises our statesmen to lend a favorable ear to Soviet territorial claims. Some of these are incompatible with the claims of certain smaller nations. Nothing is settled until it is settled right: if the decision of our statesmen is based on considerations of expediency rather than on the justice of contradictory claims, the very end which the Professor has in view will be defeated. For the unjust solution will sow the seeds of new dissension in a world supposedly at peace for ever after.

Joseph Stalin has endorsed the Atlantic Charter, with one reservation. Russia must secure such boundaries as will enable her to protect Leningrad. After that, he does not care about the frontiers of Greece or Abyssinia. Now, if we admit the same reservation to other signatories, the Atlantic Charter, like so many agreements, will become a scrap of paper.

What exactly does Russia want? It is not difficult to guess. She wants to re-occupy all the lands she grabbed in 1939, because they were Russian before 1914. This word "Russian" is misleading. It does not represent an ethnical group. The Middle Ages knew only the Muscovites, who did not belong to the community of European nations. Their Grand Duchy, indeed, was long under Tartar domination. The inhabitants, with a strong admixture of Mongol blood, had hardly any relations with Western Europe, and were of an entirely different culture. The Muscovites succeeded in extending their dominion at the time both the Ottoman

Empire and the Polish Kingdom began to decline. Peter the Great finally invaded White Russia and reached the shores of the Baltic. With the help of Western engineers he built St. Petersburg on its swampy shores. It is to protect this conquest of their great Czar that the Soviets claim the Baltic States and Eastern Poland. If this claim is legitimate, any continental country can expand at the expense of its neighbors, by the simple expedient of building a city near its boundary.

It is true that these States were all gobbled up by the aggressive Muscovites. Does this make them Russian? If so, by the same rule, we must call Polish all the territories formerly ruled by Poland. That is where the opposing claims clash. In his desire to gain the good will of the Soviets, Professor Hoffman calls the Polish claim to the Ukraine extravagant. In the writer's view the Polish claim rests on more solid foundation. The Ukrainians are not Russians any more than they are Poles. Of their own free will they united with Poland and Lithuania in the fourteenth century as a protection against Muscovite and Tartar invasions. This free union lasted until the disgraceful dismemberment of the Polish Kingdom in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Russia then occupied these lands by force, and kept them until 1918, that is, roughly about one hundred and twenty-five years.

If we consider the manner in which the union of Poland and the Ukraine was brought about, and the length of its duration, Polish claims rest on a more solid foundation than those of the Soviet.

If Russia will honestly co-operate with the other nations, and join an international police force, now advocated by many, the independence of the small Baltic States will be secured, and with it, the safety of the great Russian Metropolis. Without such a force, all lofty resolutions, drawn up in Geneva or The Hague, are utterly vain, as the history of the last quarter century has proved abundantly.

Lake Linden, Michigan (REV.) MICHAEL NIVARD

Of Many Things

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am sure you have received many appreciative letters on your excellent editorials about Soviet Russia's postwar aims and claims. To these my family would like to add our bouquet.

We were also very enthusiastic about the article, "The Baltic States." Mr. Campbell's article has not one inaccuracy or discrepancy which we could find, though it is a subject which is dear to our hearts. He also has a style of writing which is both authentic and readable.

Another recent article we found interesting, was Wacław Bitner's "Poland Crucified." Poland's prewar attitude toward her smaller neighbors left much to be desired. This type of article expresses a new tolerance and neighborliness which should be a step toward healing some of the old wounds.

You might tell Katherine Burton that the OPA isn't as awesome and unapproachable as she seems to feel. If she has any questions, she can call her local OPA and have them answered. Or, if she belongs to a group such as an altar society or women's sodality of any

size, they may request someone to talk at one of their meetings and later hold a question and answer session.

Also, as to women experts being absent from OPA boards. That is largely the women's own fault. They take the experts where they find them. Or maybe I should be more accurate in saying the experts aren't as willing and anxious to serve as one might suppose. In industries such as the packing industry, women have never made much of an attempt to become experts. The killing pens, sausage departments, meat-cutting with its blood and other even less pleasant smells, are definitely lacking in feminine appeal. An OPA meat expert has not only attended the packer's school but has worked at it long enough to know something more than just the theory. He is usually a college graduate with training in economics to top that off.

The same type of training, education, and experience is required in every line of commodity. The main difficulty is that people who have all the qualifications can usually make better money working in other defense industries, where they receive pats on the back for their noble aid in the war instead of the brickbats they receive working for the OPA.

Dayton, Ohio

JUSTINE MURRAY

Home Life

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read your article entitled "Need the War Wreck Home Life?" which appeared in your column "Current Fact and Comment" in the May 1943, issue of THE SIGN. I was very glad that you took occasion to discuss the most serious problem of juvenile delinquency.

With many types of offenses among young people showing definite increases since the beginning of the war, it is imperative that adult America give intelligent attention to the cares and needs of youth. As you pointed out, there is a very definite need for a general return to religion if moral standards among young and old are to reach a higher plane. In most of the cases coming to the attention of the FBI, involving varying types of delinquencies, there is found an almost complete disregard for the canons of religion and devotion to God.

Washington, D. C.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Open Letter

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In his review of my recently published book, *The Seven Golden Cities*, Rev. Ignatius Ryan, C.P., pays kindly tribute to "the painstaking and exhaustive research; the accurate scholarship behind this story." He notes one lack in the work, "the ability to highlight the drama sufficiently to make the book a popular seller." He also finds the style "with purple patches, heavy-handed and redundant." The "too literal transcription of documents makes the thoughts and conversation of her characters stilted and pedantic." Father Ryan believes that "a straight historical narrative would have served the purpose better."

To date, although a goodly collection of reviews have come to hand, a number of them from the pen of the most eminent historians and scientists in the Society of Jesus in this country, others from equally

pertinent sources, no one has mentioned any of the points which the critic notes. The comments have been quite the contrary.

The book was not prepared with any thought that it would be among the "popular sellers." The period involved is primitive—the years 1539, 1540. In piecing together the evidence, and weaving the whole into story form, yet without detracting from the authenticity, the utmost precision and delicacy were requisite. In the transcription of historical documents I deemed it wise to present the exact wording of the original in English translation, for the matter involved did not seem to permit of taking any liberties with it. I do not think that "early Americana" generally falls into the classification of "popular sellers."

The conversation of the characters in the book is in perfect accord with the conversation of the period of which the book treats. The style is not that of our modern English. Infinite pains were taken to reproduce this conversation as the older writers gave it or as it was translated from the original Spanish.

The object of the book is to present Fay Marcos de Niza, and to surround him with those persons and incidents which had bearing on his life and work. The comments of the authorities who were my mentors all during the process of writing represent the opinions of those whose special study has been and is Spain in America. These eminent historians and men of science have approved the finished product most enthusiastically. Their enthusiasm seems to be shared by readers in all classes who have commented most favorably on *The Seven Golden Cities*.

Brighton, Mass.

MABEL FARNUM

History of Bigotry

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

At a prominent Catholic college quite a distance from Chicago they have a considerable janitor force made up of Irishmen and others. Among the others is one Schmidt who is described as having a definite Prussian mentality; at least the Irishmen found him overbearing and hard to get along with. Matters came to a climax one day recently when Schmidt got into an argument with one Patrick Meehan over the proper kind of soap to use in mopping the halls. The upshot was that Pat, physically on the small side and not as young as he used to be, mopped up the hall with Schmidt. News of the imbroglio came to Father Martin, in whose charge the janitors were, and he summoned Patrick before him for an accounting. The information he had of Schmidt's condition left him in doubt that this small son of Erin could be wholly responsible and he said, "Tell me, Pat, did McManus (another janitor) have any part in this?" "Nothing at all, Father," says Pat. "Not a thing in the wur-ld; only to say, 'Thanks be to God; he got what was comin' to him.'"

This fine impartiality on the part of Mr. McManus reminds me of the general atmosphere of Gustavus Myers' *History of Bigotry in the United States*, reviewed in the August issue. Perhaps it is impossible to write an unbigoted history of bigotry anywhere but I am sure that Mr. Myers missed being impartial on several counts and the fact that he is now dead—he

died two or three months before the book was published—is not a valid reason for avoiding an objective analysis of his work.

Some critics have contented themselves with saying that the book is hard to read, the style too heavy for a subject that could be treated in a "lighter" vein. I agree that the book is hard reading but the story of bigotry is too tragic to permit light treatment and my criticism is that the author has set out to show that, although bigotry is a great evil and its manifestations something to cause our citizens great shame, the reasons for it go back to the "Old Countries" and that, in so far as Catholics are the victims, "they got what was coming to them." A long chapter devoted to alleged oppressions of the Jews by Catholics, clerical and lay, is followed by one describing anti-Catholic movements in this country, but this latter chapter is titled "The Tables are Turned."

While some space is given in the foreword to the amount of "research" the author did in getting his material together, it appears that he overlooked some sources; among others the 20th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The Christian Scientists are presented as a sect that, holding the kindest feelings toward others, were the victims of a generally held belief that its practitioners would not call a licensed physician for a child in danger of death. Research, I think, would have shown many court cases a generation ago that grew out of more than a bigoted misapprehension; also, that the *Christian Science Monitor* for many years conducted a vicious anti-Catholic campaign in its columns. I know and respect members of the Christian Science faith, but if we are insisting on keeping the record straight for Catholics we can ask the same for others. And that reminds me that Mr. Myers finds the burnings at the stake in Queen Mary's reign "a ghastly record" but Queen Elizabeth gets off practically unscathed.

It would be unfair, I am sure, to assert that the Foundation that financed Mr. Myers had anything to do with slanting his opinions toward or away from any group or race or creed. I make no such assertion, but, as an antidote to this work, I recommend *We Have Been Friends Together*, by Raissa Maritain, wife of Jacques Maritain. I found the story of these poor exiles one of the most moving I have ever read.

Nutley, N. J.

T. J. SHEEHY

Federal Aid to Schools

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to express to you my appreciation of your excellent editorial, "Federal Aid To Schools." We Catholics are certainly contributing more financially to the maintenance of our educational systems than any other segment of our population. A bill that tends to give Federal aid only to public schools is indeed very unjust as it would discriminate against our parochial schools. Every American regardless of race, color, or creed should oppose such a bill. Senate Bill 637 should be defeated in Congress by an overwhelming vote.

I always enjoy reading your fine editorials. You are rendering a most valuable service.

Chicago, Illinois

WILLIAM J. FLEMING



Books



THE HOME FRONT

By David Hinshaw. 352 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00

Anyone who would read his daily newspaper with greater penetration into the background of political ebb and patriotic flow should read this first lengthy survey of how America is conducting the war at home. From the sudden unity that came to the United States on the morning after December 7, 1941, Mr. Hinshaw gives the record of the people, of the Administration, of Congress, of the newspapers, of labor, of industry, of the farmers. The country was united after Pearl Harbor, united as never before in an all-out effort. By the end of February 1942, before three months had passed, the spirit of disunity was abroad in the land. Lack of candid leadership, confusion among the people, grumbling, politics as usual, inflation, strikes, farmers' labor problems, the effort to slip social reform gadgets into a war economy in the fields of rationing, taxation, prices, wages, transportation, cross-haulage, patent rights, trademarks, etc.—it's a weary litany of factors that have tended to slow down the conduct of the war program. And yet despite the ineptitudes of bureaucrats and administrators, this Kansas Republican author shows, the free government of the people has often performed magnificently under the dangerous impact of total war.

With his survey of the home front complete, in his final chapter Mr. Hinshaw looks to tomorrow's world and asks, "Will it be brave and new?" He thinks that salvation lies in the "aid of science, invention, and engineering, providing government does not place the blight of state socialism on the spirit of the masses." All will fail unless individual responsibility is maintained in a world where "only man's relations with his Maker and the essential living truth of His word remain unchanged."

JANE CARROL

PRINCIPLES FOR PEACE

Introduction and 894 pages. Distributed by Bruce Publishing Co. \$7.50

At a time when the thought of peace and the problems of peace are widely discussed, it is singularly appropriate that the Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points should bring out

this volume of selections from Papal documents dealing with peace. The period covered ranges from Leo XIII to the present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

In their pronouncements, the Popes have not attempted to usurp the place of statesmen whose duty it is to establish the framework that will bring about peaceful relations between nations. As indicated by the title of the present work, the Popes have been content to lay down the principles that statesmen must adopt if true peace is to be accomplished. At the basis of all human problems, peace included, there are moral and religious principles and unless this is recognized there is always the danger that expediency, greed, and other unworthy policies will dictate the course of international relations. The tragedy consequent on failure to heed the warnings of recent Popes may make men more ready to investigate their teaching and give ear to their paternal solicitude for the welfare of mankind.

The great value of *Principles for Peace* is that it makes available in English and in a single volume the scattered documents of a lengthy period. No longer need anyone be ignorant of the complete and authoritative thought of the Catholic Church on peace and the way to attain it.

The selections have been carefully edited by Rev. Harry C. Koenig and an excellent preface has been contributed by Archbishop Stritch. A chronological list of the documents quoted, a bibliography, and an adequate index make it all that is desirable for ready reference.

GABRIEL GORMAN, C.P.

THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN

By Henry A. Wallace. 96 pages. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$1.50

During several busy years, Mr. Wallace has had ample opportunity to make known his ideas on a multitude of topics, especially one of keen interest to him—the rights and the needs of the common man. His latest book comprises a series of excerpts from many speeches and writings which, though brief in extent, seem fairly representative of his views on the subject.

The author is thoroughly convinced that the common man throughout the

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world cannot really be free unless he has attained a decent degree of literacy, enjoys a reasonable amount of leisure, and possesses an assured sufficiency of this world's goods. He feels that despite the colossal task of reconstruction facing the postwar world, competent leaders, making a wise use of law and of modern technology, can make the world more than productive enough for all.

These are noble views nobly stated, but one justly questions if Mr. Wallace in his enthusiasm does not oversimplify the program he proposes. Closer communication between the nations has not, somehow or other, dispelled their political and economic differences—rather, it seems to have intensified them. As for twentieth-century technology, its most prominent effect is apparently the proving that original sin is still a formidable factor in human affairs.

CONSTANTINE PHILLIPS, C.P.

PREFACES TO PEACE

A Symposium. 137 pages. Co-operatively published by Simon & Shuster, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Reynal & Hitchcock, and the Columbia University Press. \$3.50

This volume consists of *One World*, by Wendell Willkie, *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, *The Price of Free World Victory*, by Henry Wallace, and *Blueprint for Peace*, by Sumner Welles.

At the risk of antagonizing a nation already burdened with the greatest task in its history, outstanding speakers and writers are insisting that to design a lasting peace is more important than to prosecute a successful war, and that the formulation of a just and efficient postwar policy should be begun now. Typical of this group are the five world planners above-named. The views of Messrs. Hoover, Gibson, and Welles have already been discussed in these columns; Mr. Wallace's book is being reviewed separately in the present issue.

Although primarily an up-to-the-minute report on persons and places visited during a round-the-world flight, Mr. Willkie's book *One World* contains sufficient treatment of the subject of postwar international relations to merit a place in this symposium. As an account of his journey, it is a satisfying product



Dear Members:

I hope you don't mind this nonsense about pennies. If we get too serious about them, they just laugh. Pennies never worry. A penny knows he'll never be missed. Still, they do have their moments.

I remember a penny feeling sorry for a half dollar one time. The "four bits" was a lady. She was just about to be plunked down at the movie ticket booth, and the penny was sitting next to her in the boss' pocket. The penny turned his Abe Lincoln face to the debutante and said, with a lot of pity in his voice: "What your boss is getting for you isn't worth a dime. And besides," he added, "don't you know that it's a Class C picture? Haven't you read the review in Stage and Screen?" Just like that he cut the four bits pretty nearly down to his own size.

That's the way pennies are when they get serious; very outspoken; and they are never too important to drop into a mite box and say "Hello!" We're always glad to see them come around. The missionaries love them. Cheerio, Members. God bless you!

Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

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of clear and candid reporting, abounding in human interest and maintaining throughout a high level of literary form. As a plea for greater idealism in international relations, it is a strong argument based on the conviction that the day of workable imperialism is all but gone by and that the order of the future must be that of political and economic freedom for all peoples.

Although these essays, gathered by a happy choice into a single volume, are a genuine contribution to present-day thinking on the subject, one reads them with the feeling that they are a voice crying in an ever-widening wilderness. No man ever pleaded their cause more eloquently than did Woodrow Wilson in 1919, yet the extent of his success in that direction is well known. There is little reason for believing that since his day world leaders have grown any more conscious of the dignity and the rights of the individual, or are any more prepared to shape their national policies in accordance with those rights.

This is a Book of the Month Club dividend.

ROBERT KENDALL

CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM

By Henry H. Wriston. 240 pages. Harper & Brothers \$2.00

No one, it may be said quite confidently, has written a more plausible defense of laissez-faire capitalism or drawn up a more impressive indictment of a "planned economy" and bureaucratic "New Dealism" than Dr. Henry M. Wriston, President of Brown University, in the present book. Were he a politician, his work might reasonably be interpreted as a bid for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Politician or no, his help should be solicited by the policy makers and the platform drafters at the next Republican National Convention. For assuredly he has something to say and he has the capacity not merely to say it well but to shout it persuasively to the four corners of the land.

"The thesis" of the book, Dr. Wriston writes, "is simple and may be stated explicitly: the principal duty of democratic government is the maintenance and expansion of freedom." One could immediately object that "freedom" thus maintained and expanded too likely would burst into anarchy; that good government, monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic, ought primarily to be concerned with the commonweal. For, of course, "freedom" as Dr. Wriston understands it is scarcely thinkable except in the ideological setting of "rugged individualism." Governmental controls are, for him, nearly always, in direction and intention, totalitarian. However, an informed Catholic could inform Dr. Wriston that fully articu-

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lated Catholic doctrine in the political and economic orders offers us "sturdy personalism" in place of "rugged individualism," and the "communism" of social justice and charity in place of the totalitarianism of force and hatred. One ought to repudiate totalitarianism. But to do so it is not necessary, nor should it ever be, to espouse so-called "classic" governmental and economic theory, stemming from Locke and Stuart Mill and Adam Smith. Such commendable repudiation and condemnable espousal seem to be the course which Dr. Wriston has run thus far.

JOHN GERARD MCMENAMIN, C.P.

THE CHRISTIAN STATE

By Augustine J. Osgniach, O.S.B., Ph.D. 356 pages. Bruce Publishing Company. \$3.75

Father Osgniach's book gives not only a thoughtful exposition of the Christian philosophy of the State but also an excellent analysis of non-Christian theories on the same. This is what makes it a timely book.

The Christian State demonstrates why liberty and democracy in their truest and deepest sense must be something more than names and shibboleths. They must also be something more than mere gifts of some State. In fact they are the inherent right of the individual springing from his very nature as a human being. The inviolability of human dignity and human rights can never be justified nor will they be respected except when they are recognized as belonging to a being who comes from God and is destined to return to Him. When the claims of God are ignored the dignity of the human person is degraded to the level of a cog in a mechanistic monster called the State.

Besides treating of the fundamental nature and functions of the State, there are chapters on the relations of the Church and State, the individual and the State, and the family and the State. An appendix treats the question of the legal sterilization of mental defectives.

GABRIEL GORMAN, C.P.

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By John C. Miller. 519 pages. Little, Brown. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$3.50

Prof. Miller is here concerned with showing how in the years immediately preceding the Revolution (1763-1776) events in the economic, political, and social order made conflict with Britain inevitable. He presents it as a battle of ideologies waged between "authoritarian conservative views" and "democratic liberal ideals." As an ideological battle, it was also fought on the home front, and here contemporary sources are well

used to present a new and lively picture of the propaganda war. We see how "Radical" propaganda, aided by the misguided acts of the British government, led public opinion from an attack upon Parliamentary sovereignty (with the aim of achieving an imperial federation under the king) to the outright demand for independence. In this Prof. Miller sees a triumph for democracy which was won only over strong opposition from the Conservatives, who aspired to "rule the masses in the name of the rich, the wise, and the good." And this is a battle, he concludes, which "has not yet ended."

But to read history so as to see only the conflict of liberty with authority is to miss, as Walter Lippmann recently pointed out, an important lesson of history: that, namely, of the balance achieved between these two principles that is essential to any political order. This is especially unfortunate when the ideological basis in political philosophy is neglected. Prof. Miller neglects all but Locke and even here fails to appreciate the philosophical basis and implications of the doctrine of natural law, which, he admits, "Americans particularly relished." He might well profit from the studies of Father Moorhouse Millar on this subject. With a deeper grasp of this basic principle Prof. Miller's analysis of the Revolutionary battle between Conservatism and Liberalism would be more illuminating for our own time now that we are fighting again for the principles of the natural law.

OTTO BIRD

THOMISTIC PRINCIPLES IN A CATHOLIC SCHOOL

By Theodore Brauer, Ph.D., and others. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50

This book, integrating the concepts of person, property, and society with a correct understanding of man's end, should be in the hands of every educator. Theology, philosophy, the natural sciences, and social studies find their proper place in the scheme of life as elucidated by the scholars at the College of St. Thomas. The result is a masterly synthesis based on the research work of many specialists who "see life steadily and see it whole."

"The community of the earthly life is the school for the celestial life," wrote the late Dr. Theodore Brauer, who planned this volume. His treatment of teleology is classic. Equally stimulating is his discussion of "Economic Thought in St. Thomas" and "Thomism and Modern Philosophy."

Dr. Franz Mueller contributes an enlightening chapter on person and society. Person, he insists, is "synonymous with or expressive of dignity." Every human being possesses this dignity, even children and the mentally defective. Dr.

Mueller rightly emphasizes the bearing which this fact has "on issues like those of abortion, sterilization, euthanasia, the proletariat, totalitarianism."

Explaining the elements of social life, Dr. Mueller, like the Angelic Doctor, links truthfulness with cheerfulness. Man owes his fellow man, in equity, both "the manifestation of truth" and "the living agreeably" with him, because "man is a social animal." The book is handsomely printed and bound, with an adequate index.

JOSEPH F. THORNING

CATHOLIC MORALITY

By Reverend Joseph I. Schade, S.T.L., K.H.S. 250 pages. St. Anthony's Guild Press. \$2.50

A translation from the Italian of His Eminence Cardinal Massimi, this book aims at promoting love for the laws of Christian morality by explaining their reasonableness.

The first section of the book sets forth the fundamentals of Catholic morality. The language is almost austere in its conciseness, but the eminent author does not sacrifice clarity in striving for brevity. He explains such elemental notions as law, freedom, happiness, conscience, virtue, sin, and sanctions. Then, in what is perhaps the best chapter of the first part, Catholic morality is compared with utilitarian, sensistic, and rationalistic systems.

The second section of the book contains a summary of Catholic morality. Here we find a brief yet adequate treatment of the theological and moral virtues, together with special chapters on Duties of the Family, Duties of Social Economy, and Civic Duties. In this section the author succeeds admirably in accomplishing his objective which is to offer the reader "a ready opportunity for an ample examination of conscience and a strong incentive to dedicate himself to the Christian life."

In translating this work, Father Schade has supplied us with an excellent text for study clubs on ethics or on Catholic morality.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

HONG KONG AFTERMATH

By Wenzell Brown. 283 pages. Smith & Durrell. \$2.75

Hong Kong Aftermath is the now oft-told tale of the fall of Hong Kong. The Aftermath part refers to the Jap prison life of the British and Americans there. Unfortunately, Mr. Brown is not equal to his subject. The fact is the British and Canadian soldiers fought valiantly at Hong Kong; they died with honor. And our American community in the Jap prison suffered and starved manfully. Their life in prison was a saga of courage and fortitude. Their tears,

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sweat, and blood painted a magnificent pattern of heroism on the tapestry of a struggle for existence. But Wenzell Brown, like a frantic child, pulls and tears to shreds the rich tapestry in order to see the design and pattern which he has destroyed. And he leaves us with a confusion of meaningless shreds of human weakness, intrigue, and depravity spread over nearly three hundred pages of his depressing book.

Be that as it may, the Professor is an honest man. He admits certain "fixations." While the Professor is respectful toward the priests and Sisters in the camp, the inglorious sobriquet with which his book tags certain Protestant missionaries in the camp, bespeaks religious intolerance. The fact is that there was no religious intolerance in the American camp. The priests and Sisters got along famously with the fifty-three sects of Protestants that made up our American community of three hundred and fifty people.

This Professor of English does not seem to be capable of discriminating between humor and obscenity. This is a serious defect in any book. Surely below the moral standards of his "Society of Friends"; and beneath the literary canons of the Lingnan University where he taught before the war. I do not think that *Hong Kong Aftermath* has any contribution to make to an enlightened war effort.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

MERCY IN HELL

By Andrew Geer. 264 pages. Whittlesey House. \$2.75

We have had books about World War II from soldiers, men correspondents, lady correspondents, diplomats, armchair "observers," and now one by a member of the medical services who was an ambulance driver with the Eighth Army. Fortunately, it is one of the better kind.

Because of the very nature of his work, Captain Geer is not concerned with politics or military history or tactics. He says: "My concern is with the parade of men with whom I worked—Americans, New Zealanders, Australians, British, and Indians—their reactions and emotions under the hard physical conditions of war in the desert."

That the desert with its blistering heat, sandstorms, flies, and diseases was the problem is clearly shown in *Mercy in Hell*. Men who have been exposed to African warfare testify that Captain Geer's picture is an honest appraisal of that life and the men who lived it. He has consistently refused to depend on morbid description for effect; yet he has not glossed over the plain facts. When heroism is the order of the day, men don't brag; yet the reader is always conscious of the leader's understanding of

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and admiration for the men who worked under him as volunteers without pay. Many of them, it is true, went into the Service just for the adventure it might bring, but there were few who failed to demonstrate a great capacity for hard work, courage, and plain Christian charity.

Mercy in Hell is a book to make people think. It reads easily enough, and has the added advantage of photographs and maps to clarify the text where it deals with routes and places. We recommend it as a means of seeing behind the headlines and the newsreels.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

By Guy Gilpatric. 189 pages. E. P. Dutton. \$2.00

Old Captain Elder is the hero of this saga of our Maritime Vikings. He loves the sea and the good old U.S.A. and hates war because it disturbs the peace of God's ocean. He and his crew are off to Murmansk. We join the huge convoy; we see the delicate planning behind such a hazardous adventure; we share the apprehensions, the salty humor, and the misfortunes of the crew of the *Merchant Mariner*. And when the wolfpack of German subs strikes we are in the midst of a maelstrom against which the famous sea stories of old are mere rowboat adventures.

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THOMAS S. EVELYN

BASEBALL'S GREATEST DRAMA

By Joseph J. Krueger. 409 pages. Classic Publishing Company. \$2.75

Baseball's Greatest Drama is the history of the World Series from its beginning in 1903 up to the latest series between the New York Yanks and the St. Louis Cards in 1942. It is also a review of each season that preceded the series. The story is told by a person who is called the Old Timer. Actually the Old Timer is a synthetic person made up of several sports writers. The author has done his work very completely. He has omitted nothing worth retelling and has very ably judged the players and the action.

Visitors to American military posts have had one experience in common. No matter where they have encountered our fighting men, these men want to hear about two things: their home towns and

the American sports. *Baseball's Greatest Drama* should be a welcome gift to these nostalgic boys.

JORDAN BLACK, C.P.

FALANGE

By Allan Chase. 278 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons \$3.00

To dismiss as almost entirely inaccurate and unreliable a book that so insistently claims to be based on exhaustive and painstaking research seems rather sweepingly haughty on the part of the reviewer, but the first line of the first chapter of Allan Chase's *Falange: The Axis Secret Army in the Americas*, introduces a Gen. Wilhelm von Faupel, whom the author proceeds to credit with nothing less than planning and running the Spanish civil war, after he allegedly had already taken over and was directing the political activities of young Primo de Rivera's small and relatively insignificant Spanish Phalanx party—in the pre-war years of 1933, 1934, and 1935.

Readers of an article in last February's issue of *THE SIGN* were correctly informed that this same Faupel is a Prussian and a general, but he is a Peruvian general, holding today only the rank of a major in the Nazi army. Faupel comes from a well-to-do, middle-class family, with absolutely no Prussian noble pretensions. Therefore, no "von" can rightfully be prefixed to his name. Moreover, Mr. Chase must never have seen even a good picture of Faupel, because he describes him as "a slight, graying aristocrat." In reality, Faupel is chunky, bull-necked, exceptionally broad-shouldered and otherwise as powerfully built as a heavyweight wrestler.

Mr. Chase does name names in bewildering profusion, but so does the Telephone Directory. The FBI and Army and Navy Intelligence (to whom the publisher of *Falange* advertises that its "vital evidence" has been turned over) will need to do a lot more investigating before they can connect Axis espionage and sabotage with those named in the book—and who are still freely circulating in this as well as Latin American countries.

WILLIAM P. CARNEY

REVIEWERS

OTTO BIRD, Ph.D., formerly of the University of Chicago, is at present a professor of history at St. John's University, Brooklyn, and a staff writer for the *Center of Information Pro Deo*.

REV. JORDAN BLACK, C.P., is the Director of Laymen's Retreats, St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass.

WILLIAM P. CARNEY of the *New York Times* was foreign correspondent in Spain during the years of the Spanish Civil War.

REV. JOHN GERARD McMENAMIN, C.P., of St. Joseph's Monastery, Baltimore, Md., has taught philosophy and the social sciences for many years.

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(Ecclesi. 7:37)

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. —Amen.

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FICTION IN FOCUS

(Continued from first page)

of a child of the Brooklyn slums is an awkward, sometimes shocking, sometimes appealing combination of the realistic and the romantic.

Francie Nolan, born in 1901, is the daughter of penniless parents: the mother an energetic, disillusioned woman determined that her children shall be educated; the father an irresponsible Irishman, who cannot hold either liquor or a job and is doomed to an early death. What it means to live in a wretched tenement, to eat and dress skimpily, to fight one's way through the jungle in which the poor are caught, and finally, by dint of arduous work and hard-won education, to get away from the ugliness and futility, is here told at length.

Disorderly as an abandoned garden, this recital is often genuinely moving. It affects the reader most when it is least sensational. Some of Francie's elders are ably projected. The author has a flair for a wry kind of comedy, although she is inclined to overwork a good point and to fall into slapstick. Something similar is true of her handling of drama. Now she hits it off exactly right; now she lets gushers of sentimentality erupt and inundate her pages. Miss Smith is being acclaimed as a "find." That she has talent is obvious. It needs discipline and deepening. Whether she has the gift of invention remains to be seen.

Francie and her family are Catholics, but they know little of their religion and are, in instance after instance, poor specimens of Catholic conviction and conduct. This book is the Literary Guild choice for September. (Harpers. \$2.75)

The Shining Trail
by Iola Fuller

► The tragedy of the treatment of the American Indians by white usurpers of their ancestral lands is dealt with in Miss Fuller's second novel. The life in a Sauk village about 1824 is painstakingly recreated. We watch these people at work and at play; in council and on the warpath. Their religion and their moral principles are shown as they are carried out in practice by sober and honorable men and women.

All goes as it has from time immemorial. But the white man is encroaching on the property of the red man; even peaceful contact with the newcomer is harmful to the Sauk nation. The Indians discover that papers to which some of them once set their mark, are actually agreements whereby they have, unwittingly, forfeited their beloved dwelling place. When a group of them refuse to

be bound by fraudulent treaties, war follows. Washington spurns the pleas of the Sauks, and a governor seeking reelection on an anti-Indian platform is ruthless in the action he takes against them. Hunted and overwhelmed by a numerous, well-equipped force, they make a hopeless attempt to stave off disaster.

Leisurely and protracted though it is, this well-rounded novel is distinguished in writing and characterization. Such figures as the old war chief Black Hawk; his shifty successor Keokuk; the young Sioux, Chaske, raised in the Sauk village; the disabled Tomah; the exiled Wenona, are credible human beings. *The Shining Trail* dwarfs the ordinary historical novel.

(Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.00)

The Conspiracy of the Carpenters
by Hermann Borchardt

► I wish I could discover how many people persist to the six hundred twenty-third and last page of this extraordinary book. Probably very few will do so, for it makes such tough going as will daunt all but the hardiest.

Laid in a country which might be Germany (the names of the characters are largely German), *The Conspiracy of the Carpenters* recounts a long struggle

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for power in which conservatives, totalitarian and collectivist reactionaries, Communists, and "liberal" intellectuals are engaged. The battle is principally between the forces of Adam Faust, self-styled Christian leader, and Dr. Urban, who believes that the people desire tyranny under a completely amoral absolutist. The Hitlerlike Urban makes a persistent bid for control of the state. He is thwarted, but the means used to defeat him are morally questionable. The "Christianity" of Faust and his followers is actually a bleak kind of humanism with some slight Christian coloration. The social and political order which the "Christians" espouse bears only accidental resemblances to a genuine Christian order.

Countless minor themes are woven

into the main plot. There are almost one hundred and fifty principal characters; the publishers supply a ten-page index to help the reader remember who's who. This book is ponderous, obscure, abstract, diffuse. Mixed in with a lot of mystifying rubbish there are not a few bits of wisdom.

(Simon and Schuster. \$2.75)

The Bridge of Heaven
by S. I. Hsiung

► This Chinese novel falls into two unequal parts. The first is a richly comic, often acid, picture of some of the inhabitants of a small village in southern China toward the close of the nineteenth century. The second is a blurred account of the overthrow of the government by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and his followers in 1911.

The earlier portion is delightful. The Chinese customs to which much attention is given, provide an exotic flavor for the Western reader, but the humanity of the Chinese whom the author so adroitly presents, their virtues, their vices, their foibles, makes them as recognizable as the family next door. One is amused or saddened as these lifelike people speak, act, dissemble, make mistakes, and suffer. But when the two chief characters leave their little town and step into political life in Peking, the rare sense of intimacy which has been achieved is dissipated and the men and women in whom the reader has become intensely interested are washed away. This is unfortunate in view of the near-perfection of the early chapters. Mr. Hsiung speaks some withering truths about white foreigners in China.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75)

The Senator's Last Night
by Francis Hackett

► The opening pages of this static and talky novel are embarrassing in their ineptitude. They set the reader's teeth on edge and prejudice him against what is to come. The Senator is John Copley, all brass despite the plating of respectability which he has managed to acquire. Copley is selfish, lecherous, ignorant, and pigheaded. He humiliates his wife, takes and discards mistresses (even from among the servants), attempts to dictate his children's lives, and despises his betters. His sins and follies rise up to smite him in the course of a single night. His murder brings relief and release to many people.

This is a weak attempt at a topical novel. Its dullness is reminiscent of the *Congressional Record*, but, to give it its due, it does contain somewhat more of wit, bite, and clever turns of speech than that printed limbo.

(Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50)

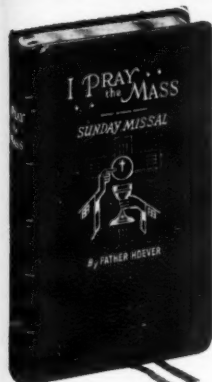


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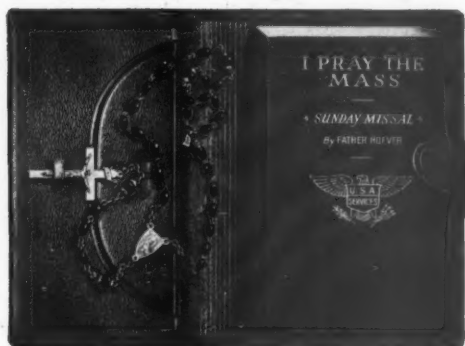
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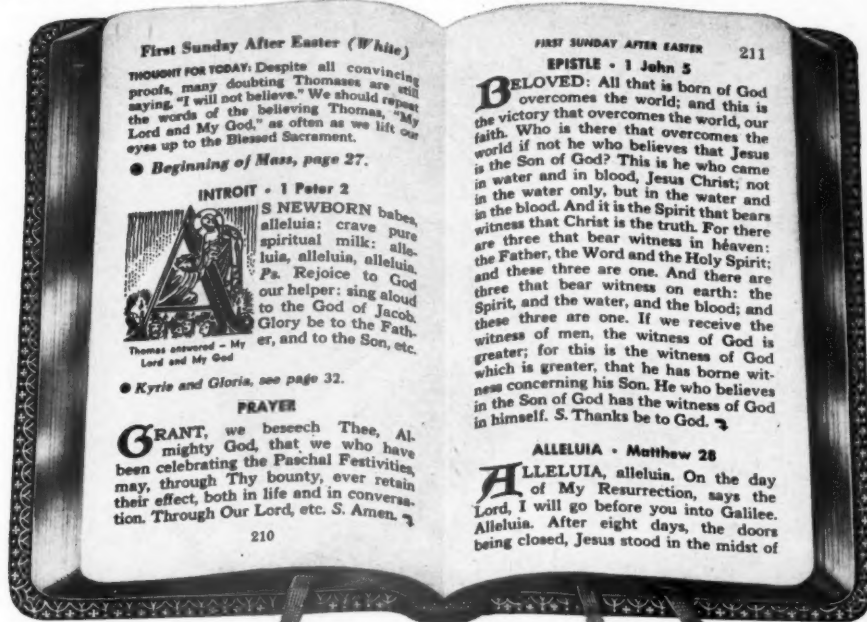
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*It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,*

*With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.*

R. L. STEVENSON



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